

THE AMERICAN

20c • MARCH 1963

LEGION

MAGAZINE



PUBLIC RELATIONS *Russian Style*

By JAMES N. SITES



WASHINGTON PRO & CON: THIS MONTH'S ISSUE —

"Should President Kennedy be Given Power to Lower Income Taxes?"

PRO: Rep. James C. Corman (D. Cal.) • CON: Rep. Joe D. Waggoner, Jr. (D. La.)

VICE, CRIME AND MARIJUANA



MIRACLE AT GUADALCANAL

The Funny Side of Spring Training



MARCH 1963

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The American

LEGION

Magazine

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. . . that's the way Colonel Anthony G. Hunter, U.S.A.F. (Retired), sums up the life he lives as an active Sun Citian.

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For Your Information

FROM NATIONAL COMMANDER *James E. Powers*

No Easy Road for Freedom

ONE EVENING last December I sat in Vietnam with seven American soldiers who had just returned from duty in no-man's-land, 50 miles from Saigon, where the war with communism is hot and total. These men were tough, dedicated, superbly-trained United States fighting men—sent to arm Vietnamese government troops and provide them with the will and the weapons to win in one of the many areas where we are face to face with the communists.

I asked if there was anything I could do or get for them back in the States.

"Tell the people we're out here," one said. "Tell 'em they're involved in this fight, too, and we need their support."

During two days in Vietnam I talked to many of the 11,000 GIs serving there in the United States military assistance command. I saw American helicopter pilots flying assault missions into enemy zones. I heard our non-coms briefing Vietnamese soldiers on the tactics and deployment of the communist Viet Cong guerrillas.

I came home with two deep convictions.

First, these are magnificent fighting men — men we should all be proud of and grateful for. Their morale and sense of purpose couldn't be higher. They know they're there to stop communism. They believe the task is worth their lives. They wonder why all their countrymen don't feel as strongly about it as they do.

Second, our current policy of aid to those resisting communism in the Far East is the right policy for America. It's starting to show results.

I had gone out there with serious reservations about the effectiveness of our military and economic aid program in the Far East. The program, it seemed to me, had the look of another costly but limited show of force intended to condition the public for further retreat under communist pressure.

My ten-day tour of United States installations from Japan to Vietnam didn't remove every doubt. However, it encouraged me to believe that repeated insistence by The American Legion and others on a firm foreign policy backed up by the full force of the nation's arms and will is bearing fruit.

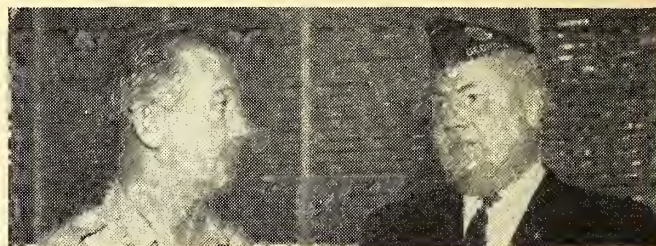
Everywhere I went—Japan, Hong Kong, Taiwan and southeast Asia—there was impressive evidence of American military strength. We have 200,000 fighting men out there, and nobody's apologizing for their presence. To millions of Asians along the edge of the Bamboo Curtain, they bring a message of hope and freedom.

The outcome of the shooting war in Vietnam is still in doubt. The Viet Cong guerrillas have proved themselves skillful and resourceful fighters. The Vietnamese government and army have yet to demonstrate the total dedication to victory that could rally all-out public support. In addition, living standards are so primitive that a majority of the people show little interest in choosing between communism and self-government.

But I found throughout the Far East a new and rising respect for United States leadership. It stems directly from our government's bold stand in the Cuban crisis of last October.

Khrushchev's reaction in Cuba made many of these people doubt, for the first time, the doctrine of communist invincibility. President Kennedy's ultimatum gave them grounds for hoping that the "wave of the future" may belong to the West.

"Until you forced the Russians to pull their missiles out of



National Commander Powers (right) stopped at Hawaii to share his observations on Vietnam with Gen. James F. Collins, the Army's over-all Commander in the Pacific area.

Cuba," an official of a southeast Asian government told me, "we didn't think you were serious about defeating communism."

A United States military leader in the area sounded the same view. "If you cringe when the reds hit you, they'll hit you again," he said. He added that the morale and influence of our armed forces had climbed sharply as a result of the Cuban showdown.

Not one of the authorities I talked to—American or Asian—believed that the red threat to pro-West and neutral nations in the Far East will be eliminated easily or soon. None believed the tide presently runs in our favor. All believed we have made a start at turning the tide.

For advocating the strongest possible military preparedness program, Legionnaires have been accused of backing "diplomacy at gunpoint." I am more convinced than ever that this is the only kind of diplomacy that Moscow and Peking understand.

Our first line of defense in the Far East is not our economic or political effort. It's the line occupied by the land, sea and air power of United States armed forces.

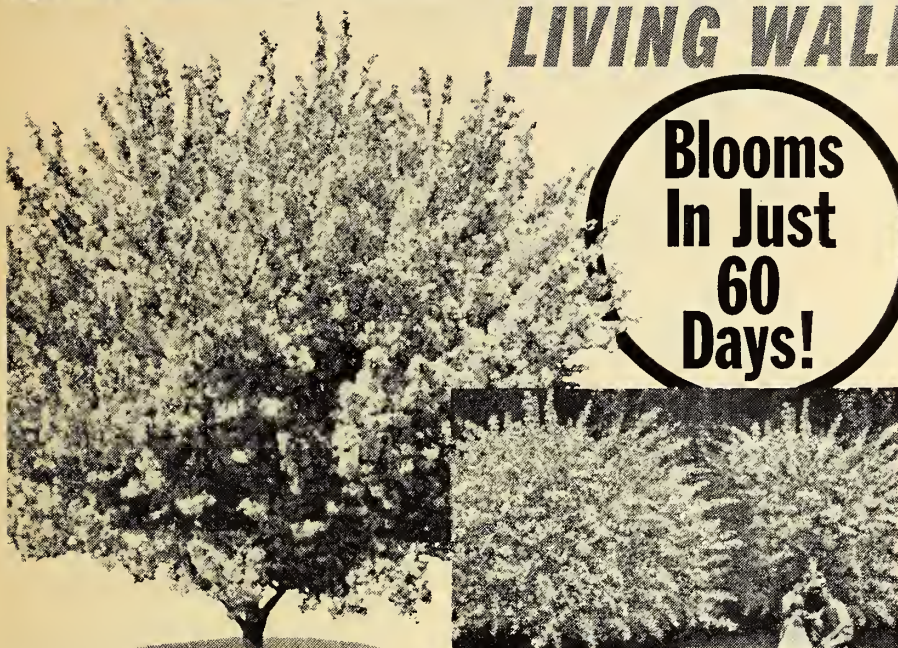
We have the strength—material and spiritual—to halt communism in its tracks. We must lead from it. The courage that characterized our actions in the Cuban crisis must be the rule, rather than the exception, in United States foreign policy.

Freedom claims a high price. For young Americans in Vietnam, fighting a war 8,000 miles from home, the price is very high. I didn't hear one of them question it. ■

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PATRIOTS AND PEACE

SIR: The soul of America is gasping for breath, smothered by those who would forsake the honor of their native land for peace at any price. There are some, without an ounce of valor in their own makeup, who prate that veterans are without honor, who question the loyalty of patriots, treat them with contempt, and shower traitors with esteem, making heroes out of heels. Patriots abhor war as much as pacifists, but find appeasement the wrong way to avoid war. Sir Neville Chamberlain did not avoid but encouraged war with his "peace in our time" negotiations with Hitler's Germany. Nehru's neutrality did not prevent the Chinese attack on India's border. A Cuban patriot has said: "The greatest asset the communists have in the United States is that the average American is willing to give them the benefit of the doubt."

ARTHUR B. McQUERN
Laguna Beach, Calif.

SIR: Regarding "What Happened to the Cyclops?" the ship's log of the *U.S.S. F.J. Luckenbach* might throw some light on the question. We ran into that terrible storm which rolled us over on our starboard side about 45 degrees, while we remained there awaiting developments. The old man, on the bridge, reportedly said: "My God, we're all lost!" The exec., Lieutenant McDonald, USNR, signalled below to shut off the engine propeller on the starboard side, which was in the water, hoping that the port side propeller would help bring us around on an even keel, which soon occurred. We then laid to for a day or more, headed into the stormy sea. The skipper, Angus McLean, said it was the worst storm he had encountered in 50 years. This was in the fore part of March 1918. We were several days out of New York, eastward bound for France, zigzagging in a convoy of about 30 ships which got separated in that wicked storm. The good ship *Cyclops* sailed from Barbados on March 4, 1918.

JIM McCAUSLAND
Santa Barbara, Calif.

CYCLOPS

SIR: Gardner Soule's article "What Happened to the Cyclops?" was very interesting. I served in a war declared by the United States on April 6, 1917. Which war was it he mentioned being declared in 1916?

LEE M. JOHNSON
Wilmington, Del.

SIR: In "What Happened to the Cyclops?" the following statement was made: "... he had joined up when the United States declared war in 1916." Actually, war was declared on April 6, 1917.

GEORGE C. CLAGHORN
St. Petersburg, Fla.

The only explanation: "Just one of those things. . . ." *The Editors.*

INDIANS

SIR: The article "A Merry Christmas



for Our Own Indians," in the December issue, was one of several I have read recently, all telling the same shameful story of poverty, starvation, disease, and neglect on the reservations. Perhaps many of you Legionnaires have received letters from little Indian mission schools, begging donations. They probably get a few dollars here and there but I don't think that's any solution to the big problem, and the more I think of it the hotter I get. The smoke hadn't even cleared away before we started rebuilding Japan, Germany and other places all over the world. There were handouts galore from Bongo Bongo to Timbuktu and they are in pretty good shape in those places today. But right here at home the Indian Wars have been over for years and years, and there they are out in the hills and deserts that no one else wants, starving to death, and no one seems to care. Oh, I know that there is a Bureau of Indian Affairs, U.S. Department of the Interior, but its funds and facilities are limited. And here we sit in our own area, with millions of bushels of corn piled out on the ground, as is wheat in other areas, just going to waste. Other countries don't want our grain surpluses. They'd rather have our cash, steel and munitions. But I'll bet those poor Indians could use it. After all, we stole the corn from them in the first place and beat them out of their land in the bargain.

DALE B. WHITMAN
Galva, Ill.

THEY NEED THE \$\$\$

SIR: I heard a government official say that by cracking down on business expenses the income tax people will take in another \$100,000,000 a year. This may not be enough to take care of Tito's foreign aid needs for a year and it certainly won't be enough for our chum Nehru. Still, every little bit helps. So keep that in mind when you fill out that expense voucher. Call on the waitress for a receipt and demand

receipts from the parking meter cop. If we are to keep such valued allies as Tito & Co., we must all give till it hurts.

JOHN D. FAY
Carlstadt, N.J.

UNDERPAID

SIR: The "Personal" column of the January issue says that salaries for engineering graduates still have plenty of zip in them because engineers with Bachelor of Science degrees can earn \$540 a month. Was this supposed to be a joke? A salary of \$540 a month isn't even good pay for unskilled labor. For a professional man it is an insult.

RUSSELL A. PETTIS
St. Paul, Minn.

ENLIGHTENING

SIR: My Dad receives *The American Legion Magazine* which I read as soon as it arrives. Although I'm only 16; I read with interest stories about communist tactics and fighters against communism, such as "Key Targets of the Communists" and "Joan of Arc of Freedom." I know that your articles enlighten many uninformed people on the true nature of communism. I hope for the sake of *The American Way of Life* that you continue these articles.

CARMEN DE ZIRZIO III
West Paterson, N.J.

THREAT

SIR: Congratulations on the excellent article "A Threat to American Industry," in the January issue. It's about time we reviewed the dangerous situation objectively rather than allowing ourselves to be duped by "smart" politicians and so-called "do-gooders."

FRANK KLINGBEIL
Altoona, Fla.

TURNING 'EM LOOSE

SIR: A recent news story told that President Kennedy had commuted the sentence of Junius Irving Scales who was convicted of being a Communist Party member in violation of the Smith Act. A former leader of the Party in Tennessee and the Carolinas, he was convicted in 1955, won a new trial on an appeal to the Supreme Court, and was convicted a second time in Greensboro, N.C., on February 21, 1958. His first conviction was set aside when the Supreme Court ruled that a defendant was entitled to see FBI reports involved in oral testimony at his trial. I wonder how effective the FBI will be under these circumstances. Will it be able to catch and convict them faster than the President and his Supreme Court can turn them loose? Let us hope that an informed public can do something about this type of justice.

JOHN P. LARRABEE
Tonasket, Wash.

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Social Security — up, up, up . . .

20,000 proposed laws!

The Common Market, comprising six European countries helped to their feet by Uncle Sam after World War II, may yet turn out to be our trade rival . . . The European Economic Community (Common Market) was created in 1957 to attain economic cooperation and unity among France, West Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg. Britain has been eager to get in . . . But even without the United Kingdom, the Common Market is showing remarkable strength for its tender years . . . As a political friend of the West, the Common Market could be a powerful ally against Russia and Red China, but as an economic rival, the EEC could become troublesome PDQ . . . Consider these facts about the Common Market: a population of 170,000,000; a rising standard of living with per capita consumption expenditures increasing more than double the United States rate over the past decade . . . Already autos, TV sets, refrigerators, etc. are within reach of workers . . . Steel production is 80 percent of U.S.A.'s, but increasing at twice the pace--not only in steel, but in autos, machinery, chemicals, and other products . . . The Common Market is today the greatest single world trading bloc; and has a much greater pool of scientific and technological skills and knowledge than does the U.S.A. . . . Now that we helped create a potential trade rival, we must find a way to make sure that the Common Market will also be a friendly market for American export goods . . . Washington optimists insist that President Kennedy holds the trump cards with his new trade policy powers, voted by Congress in 1962, which would permit him to protect us from rivalry of the Common Market, if and when necessary.

While the Administration and Congress haggle over reducing taxes in general, one specific tax went up this year, and is scheduled to keep rising until 1968 . . . The Social Security tax--assessed on a 50-50 basis on employer and employee--began at 2 percent in 1937, rose steadily to 6.25 percent in 1963, will ascend to 9.25 percent by 1968 . . . The maximum wage-earner Social Security tax was \$30 in 1937; is \$150 in 1963; will be \$222 in 1968 . . . Benefits are increasing, too.

Opening day of the current 88th Congress found 2,002 bills and resolutions ready to be popped into the House legislative hopper . . . The Senate legislative mill gets off to a slower start . . . Altogether, the preceding 87th Congress was deluged with 20,316 pieces of legislation . . . Of these, only 885 public bills and 684 private bills for the relief of individuals were enacted into law over the two-year life of the 87th Congress . . . Some 12 other bills managed to get through Congress only to be vetoed by the President.

PEOPLE AND QUOTES:

FOREIGN RELATIONS:

"Regardless of how persistent our diplomacy may be in activities stretching around the world, in the final analysis it rests upon the power of the United States . . ." declares President **Kennedy**.

NEUTRALITY:

"Neutrality was never more than an empty word," comments Israel's pro-Western Prime Minister **David Ben Gurion**, observing that neutralist India, when attacked by the Red Chinese, turned to the West, not to the neutralists, for help.

MANPOWER:

"If we can produce enough properly guided men we won't need guided missiles," asserts U. S. Marine Corps Commandant **David M. Shoup**, who adds: "Decrying present day youth . . . is [a habit] most apt to seize a man about the time a stomach, a bald spot, a lack of imagination, and a loss of curiosity begin to take over. . . . The young men of today are just about what we make them."

WELFARE:

"Just as man does not live by bread alone, he does not die by atom bombs alone. He can be killed by kindness—I mean ignorant kindness," comments Prof. **Paul A. Samuelson**, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

POLITICS:

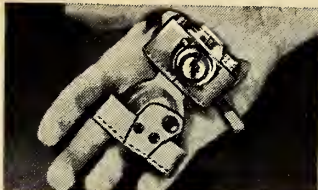
"It is wrong for the Government to do for the people what they can do for themselves," says **George Romney**, Michigan's new Republican Governor and regarded as a GOP Presidential prospect in 1964.

COLD WAR:

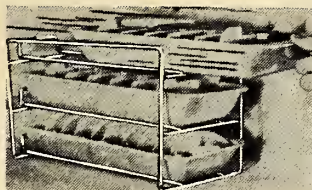
"I will shout hurrah when capitalism is buried," shouts Russia's **Khrushchev**.



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in Europe. Exquisite patterns, in dazzling colors...brilliantly hand-decorated by European artists. Real hen eggs are punctured, the contents blown out and each shell transformed into a vivid kaleidoscope of color. Beautiful Easter decorations. Amazingly durable.
Set of 12.....\$3.95



TINY PALM-SIZE CAMERA & CASE. Precision designed to take clear, finely detailed pictures...and it actually fits in the palm of your hand! Just 2" x 1 1/2", it's fully equipped with single fixed focus lens, 2 speed shutter, and leather case. Film is high speed, panchromatic — 10 pictures per roll. Each.....\$1.00
6 rolls of film.....79¢



ICE CUBE TRAYS S-L-I-D-E OUT with ease! No more chipping and chopping. No mess and fuss! New Ice Tray Caddy stores 3 trays. Keeps them separated from each other. No more sticking—resists frost build-up. Fits all freezers and freezer compartments. Rustproof, unchromed metal. 11" x 5 1/4". Standard size trays fit perfectly. Each..... **\$1.79**



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into any ceiling
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monds. Double-
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adapted from the
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houses. Astralite
styrene plastic.
Never yellows—
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Ideal for foyer,
hall, etc. 9" x
6 1/2". Ea.... **\$3.98**



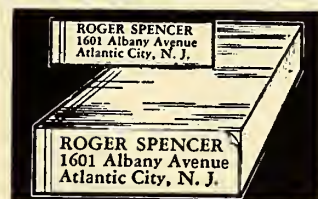
EMERGENCY DENTAL KIT... No more embarrassing waiting period. Now you can repair your own dental plates at home or office. Save time and money. Kit includes everything necessary for fixing cracks, chips, breaks—and for replacing loose teeth. You get enough material for more than 6 repairs. Easy-to-follow directions included. Each **\$1.98**



REMOVE HAIR FROM NOSE & EARS
Designed especially to reach those hard-to-get-at spots. Removes unsightly hair from nostrils and ears gently and safely. Easy, efficient, **HYGIENIC!** Cannot injure delicate skin. You run no risk of infection. 2 inches long. Made of the finest surgical steel, chromium plated. Each **\$1.00**

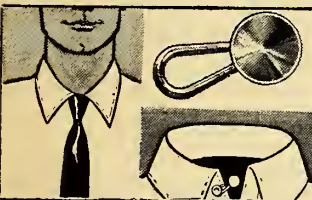


CERAMIC CHOPPER HOPPERS for "His and "Hers"! Here's really selective protection for dental plates! Chubby, smiling denture caddies will hold full or partial plates in the biggest, roundest tummies ever! Keep them clean, safe and secure. Made of fine earthenware, adorably detailed in gay pastels. 4 1/2" wide. Specify His or Hers. Each **\$1.00**



1000 ADDRESS LABELS...Printed with your name and address, to save your time! Gummed backs. Just wet and stick! Terrific for stationery, books, checks, packages. You'll never have to write your return address. Printed in blue on white stock. Easy to read—prevent errors. State name, full address in 3 lines.

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SHIRT COLLAR TOO TIGHT? Stretch Button instantly adds a full 1/2 size to too-tight or too-starched shirt collars! Just slip loop over neckband button and button into buttonhole for instant "right-fit" relief. Neat. Hidden by tie. No sewing necessary. Transfer from shirt to shirt. Of miracle zytel nylon.

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2 for.....**\$1.50** Each.....**79¢**



RELIEVE EYEGLOSS PRESSURE immediately with soft, springy, foam rubber Cushion Rests. They relieve "pressure spots", ease heavy lenses, keep glasses from sliding forward. Give more comfort than any other nose pad! Self-adhesive. Apply to nose piece or temples of eyeglass frames. One size fits all.

Pack 3 pr.**35¢** 3 packs (9 pr.).....**\$1**



AUTOMATIC DRAIN PUMP drains water at the rate of 360 gallons per hour! Empties flooded cellars, boats, washing machines, swimming pools. Easy to use. Just attach it to faucet or hose—turn on water—siphoning action begins automatically. Constructed of high quality aluminumized zinc. Fits standard faucet or hose. Easy directions incl. Each.. **\$2.98**



ELECTRIC HOT POT boils 4 cups of water in minutes—for instant coffee, tea, cocoa. Heats soup, canned foods, baby bottles, etc. Electric, break-resistant! Easy-pour spout, stay-cool base & handle. Perfect to use right at table—or office desk! Polished aluminum, with electric cord. Great for home, school, travel.

2 for.....**\$5.50** Each.....**\$2.95**

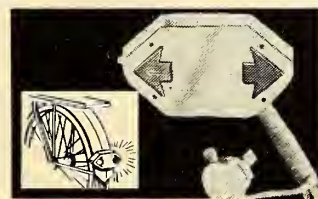


ONE-HANDED ADDING MACHINE keeps accurate running account of what you're spending with one hand—leaves other hand free for supermarket shopping. Unique push-button device records cents, dimes, dollars up to \$20. Eliminates guesswork and overspending. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Lightweight, bright red plastic.

3 for.....	\$2.79	Each.....	\$1.00
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S-T-R-E-T-C-H ON FURNITURE COVERS
...One size fits any sofa or chair, regardless of style or size. Washable, no iron, go on in a jiffy. Give complete coverage. Miracle knit upholstery fabric is remarkably durable, lint free. 6 handsome shades. Specify beige, grey, gold, green, wine or turquoise.
Chair Cover..\$3.98 Sofa Cover..\$7.98



BICYCLE DIRECTIONAL SIGNALS for safety in traffic! At a touch, left signal lights for left turn—right for right turn ...just like in Dad's car! Attaches to rear of any bicycle. Prevents accidents. Helps youngsters acquire safe driving habits early in life. Set contains both left & right signals. Batteries not incl. Each set of bike signals..... **\$1.29**



holds 4 spoons. Like an extra hand at cooking time, this attractive kitchen accessory holds up to 4 tasting or stirring spoons in just inches of space. Deep tray catches all drippings... protects stove top and counters from grease... keeps them clean. Colorfully painted ceramic, with a mighty king rooster on top. 6¼" x 4¼". Spoons not incl. Each **\$1.00**



DOGGY MUG BARKS AS KIDS DRINK
Playful table pet entertains kiddies with a mealtime show. Winks his eye and barks every time the mug is lifted! They'll drink to the very last drop. Makes even milk drinking fun! Made of colorful, play-resistant ceramic with easy-grip handle. 10-ounce capacity. Each **\$1.00**

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educational television:



help for busy teachers hope for crowded classrooms

Today, education in America faces a severe challenge. An accelerating world requires new and broader curriculums. An expanding population begs for more teachers, more classrooms.

Many communities have turned to Educational Television as an imaginative way to expand course subjects, to bring more effective teaching techniques into the classrooms without sacrificing personalized instruction from room teachers.

Because of our long experience in the research and development of telephone, television, and defense communications networks, it was natural that the Bell System was called on to develop facilities for

one of the first ETV networks in the country, now operating in Hagerstown, Maryland.

We have since helped pioneer the first state-wide, closed circuit Educational Television system, in South Carolina.

In doing this, we have developed a transmission service that is low in cost and makes use of the service and maintenance facilities of local Bell Telephone Companies in communities of any size.

Helping communities like yours find the answer to better learning through ETV is just one more way of putting Bell System research and skills to work serving you and your family.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Owned by more than two million Americans



IS LEARNING COMING BACK?

DR. MAX RAFFERTY has started his promised campaign to remodel public school teaching throughout California, in his new job as State Sup't of Public Instruction. His aim: emphasize content and deemphasize method.

Emphasizing "content" (in other words, knowledge) has been out of style among educationists for at least 30 years, though many teachers, principals and superintendents have rebelled all of that time and smuggled knowledge into education.

As a matter of fact, to call a teacher a "subject matter teacher" has often been a form of insult, and many a teacher will nod when we state that, in many school systems, with this label tied on you, you could give up all hope of advancement.

Knowledge being so annoyingly important, especially to get into college, many school systems have solved the problem by assigning mountains of homework, so that the kids could teach themselves at home, while the daylight hours in the costly school have been spent listening to the teacher voice his political or sociological opinion, tell jokes and in other ways make "the group" happy and himself popular or seemingly wise. (This of course is the situation at its worst, but there has been plenty of it).

We are reminded of the interview we secured for our favorite daughter with the late George E. Sokolsky, when students in her high school writing class were ordered to interview a famous person.

"How can high school students be better taught to think?" she asked him, voicing a cliché that had been drummed into her from kindergarten.

"Think!" roared Sokolsky. "Nobody but himself can teach anybody to think. And nobody can think down a straight line without knowledge." Softening his voice: "My dear, knowledge is the tool of thinking. Thinking is the self-discipline of handling knowledge. You can only think after you have learned. Sop up all the knowledge you can, and one day you may be able to think better than most of us." Pointing a finger: "But for your own good, discreetly ignore all these people who tell you that you go to school to think. You go to school to learn, and if you can't learn with the help of your teachers, then learn in spite of them!"

It is too bad that George E. Sokolsky died in the month before Dr. Rafferty took office.

THE MARIJUANA MENACE

YOU MAY OR MAY NOT have known that *hashish* is an oriental term for a drug that has been used to dope assassins so that their killing would come easier.

Did you also know that *hashish* is the same thing as marijuana, whose use is all too prevalent in the United States? For much, much more on marijuana, read Rodney Gilbert's piece starting on page 12. A Lancaster, Penn., native, author Gilbert knows "backwoods" China as well as any American. He did a steady stretch there from 1912 to 1929, mostly as a journalist and, believe it or not, an ad man. In and since WW II he has been back to the Orient on government business. In our article you will see the relation between these experiences and his unique knowledge of marijuana, or *hashish*.

THOSE GIDEON BIBLES

IN THIS ISSUE we give you the Gideon Society and the Bibles that it puts in hotels.

Who are the Gideons? Some religious order, maybe, dating to ancient Rome?

They are not a religious order and they got going in Janesville, Wisconsin.

For the rest on the Gideons we switch you now to Loula Grace Erdman's story on page 22. Miss Erdman teaches creative writing at West Texas State College. She has a list of published works this long behind her, including the \$10,000 Dodd Mead-Redbook prize winning novel, *The Years of the Locust*. Her next volume: *Life Was Simpler Then*, a book about Missouri, scene of her childhood.

ANSWER THIS ONE!

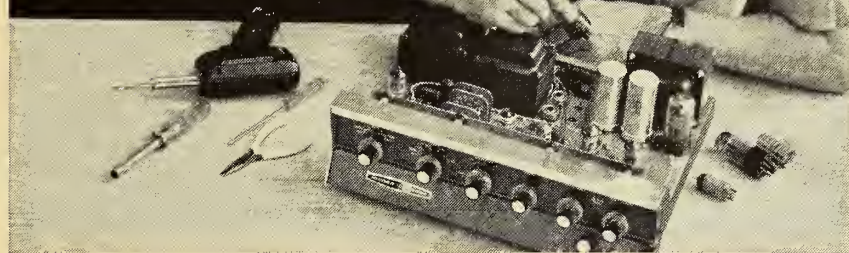
IF YOU THINK you can anticipate almost any question that can be raised on any given subject, tread more slowly! After our January piece on *Veterans' Burial Benefits*, we had a nice letter from a highly civic-minded Legionnaire whose question temporarily floored us. He had willed his remains to Johns Hopkins Medical School, to aid the cause of medical education. Whether or not you think the subject gruesome, this is true Legion spirit — to be of service even beyond the grave.

But it is also the Legion spirit to be proud of your service to your country and even jealous of the honors that accrue from it. Being entitled, as a war veteran of honorable service, to a National Cemetery burial, he wanted that too. His question was: Could he carry out his civic intent to make his remains useful and still have the honor of a military funeral in a National Cemetery? Would we advise whether such a burial is permissible without a body?

We called on the Legion's Rehabilitation office in Washington for help, and within a day were told that: "The Superintendent at Arlington informs us that the only way this vet could have a funeral in the National Cemetery is if he stipulates in his will that when Johns Hopkins had finished with his remains they would be sent to Arlington Cemetery for full military burial." And just to prove there's nothing new under the sun, we were advised "They have had cases similar to this in which they have performed funeral services."

R B P

the
thrill
is
INSTANT



but the
memory
LINGERS ON!



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Rod & Gun CLUB



FOR THE MAN
WITH AN INTEREST IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

A TIP FOR NIGHT PEOPLE comes from Franklin L. Goll, of Santa Ana, Calif. He says you should never stare at an object at night to detect what it is. He suggests that you try moving your eyes around the object in short, jerky movements, which will enable you to detect the outline and any movement of the object.

THE SMELL OF CUCUMBERS in the woods is a warning signal that should put you on guard, says Bruce Robertson, of Secane, Pa. This can mean a copperhead snake since the reptile secretes this odor.

A HOT NEW 6 MM CARTRIDGE has been announced by Remington and Peters, one which has an extremely flat trajectory for long range hunting. The new cartridge, which uses a 100-grain soft point bullet, has a muzzle energy of 2260 foot pounds. At 300 yards, its velocity is still 2420 feet per second and its energy 1300 foot pounds. Remington will chamber the Model 700 bolt action rifle and the Model 742 automatic rifle to handle the new cartridge.



A BALL OF HEAVY TWINE thoroughly soaked in paraffin is a worthwhile addition to your outdoor kit, says R. Miller of Lansing, Mich. When you want to build a fire you merely unroll a couple of feet of the impregnated twine and it will burn long enough to give the fire a good start.

HUNTERS AND HIKERS who may have wondered about different colors they have found sprayed on trees are given some clues by Calvin E. Cook, of Unity, Wis. He explains that, under a color coding system adopted by the Wisconsin-Michigan area of the Society of American Foresters, and which is likely to be expanded, blue markings on trees denote property boundaries. Red is used to mark the boundary of an area of woods to be sold. Yellow or orange signifies that the tree is to be cut, while light green means it should stand. White means the tree is recorded for research or for inventory, and aluminum is used for trails.

A PRACTICAL USE for discarded nylon fishing line is suggested by Joseph Blubaugh, of Columbus, Ohio. He turns his old line over to his wife, who uses it to sew buttons on the children's coats and jeans. "The buttons never come off," he insists.

TO KEEP ARROWS from being lost if they miss the target, Keith Swalley, of Coshocton, Ohio, uses an old carpet which he suspends behind the target. If the archers are not in the William Tell class, the carpet should extend at least two feet on all sides of the target.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND or anywhere else can be mighty uncomfortable in cold or damp weather. To provide a measure of comfort, Howard Siderits, of South Bend, Ind., uses quarter-inch foam rubber which he spreads on the tent floor. Even in 11-degree temperatures on Michigan's Upper Peninsula, this made his camping pleasant.

CAMOUFLAGING A BOAT can mean more fish. This is the contention of George Podematis, a Brooklyn fisherman, who says: "I have painted the boat I use for bass fishing to resemble a shoreline complete with underwater lily pads, cattails, and brown stumps that even have roots on the underside of the hull and motor. So far I have fooled several fishermen and seem to catch more bass than anglers using conventional craft." No guarantees accompany this suggestion, but if widely followed it ought to produce interesting scenic effects.

FOR FISHERMEN who carry fishpoles with hooks and line dangling, Trueman L. Rogers, of Billings, Mont., offers a suggestion that is as practical as it is simple. He recommends wrapping a piece of tin foil around the hooks to keep them from snagging clothing, car seat covers, etc., making sure that you carry some extra strips of foil for the return trip.

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, and so that your family will not be unaware of your whereabouts when you go hunting or fishing, draw a circle on a road map showing where you will be and leave it with your folks. This is the suggestion of Paul D. Brey, of Ontario, Wis., who goes on to say that it's also a good idea to write your license number on the map, too, so in the event they have to query police they can give them this important bit of information at once.

THERE WAS A SLIGHT SHIFT in shotgun buying during 1962, according to Sheldon M. Smith, President of the Ithaca Gun Co., Ithaca, N. Y. Both the 12-gauge and the 20-gauge guns of the Ithaca line gained a little in popularity while the 16-gauge dropped back. Whereas the old rule of thumb used to be 50%, 30% and 20%, for the 12-, 16-, and 20-gauge guns respectively, the 12-gauge now rates 55%, the 16-gauge is 22% and the 20-gauge is 23%.

MOST WOMEN SHUDDER at baiting a hook with a worm, Mrs. Frank Pochurek, of Mantua, Ohio, points out, and she describes a way of making the operation painless. She keeps a coffee can full of sand with her when she is fishing, and when she wants to bait her hook she drops a worm in the sand until it is well covered and does the job by touch. "It works like a charm," she says.



MARCH MAY PROVIDE weather cold enough to make car starting difficult, and George P. Jacobson, of Prior Lake, Minn., has an idea that might solve the problem. He suggests that when an engine won't turn over, you use your wife's electric hair dryer. That hot air blown over the chilled engine, he promises, will soon stir the breath of life into it.

FOR YOUR ACHING BACK, C. L. Serkland, of St. James, Minn., has a prescription that seems highly practical. Since not many outdoorsmen carry a hot water bottle with them, and muscles sometimes need a direct application of warmth, he recommends hot sand as a substitute. Sand should be warmed in a skillet, almost to the smoking point, and then poured into a bag or some other suitable container.

A MONEY-SAVING HINT is volunteered by Harry J. Miller, of Sarasota, Fla. As he explains it: "Some years back I found to my sorrow how easy it is for your wallet to slip out of a hip pocket while engaged in outdoor activities. Ever since, I've prevented this misfortune by keeping a half-inch-wide rubber band around the wallet. Friction keeps the wallet from slipping out."

If you have a helpful idea for this feature send it along. If we can use it we'll pay you \$5.00. However, we are unable to acknowledge contributions, return them or enter into correspondence concerning them. Address Outdoor Editor, *The American Legion Magazine*, 720 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

REVEALED ON THIS PAGE

THE SECRET OF CATCHING BIG BASS!

A DOCUMENTED, VERIFIED REPORT

BY PAUL STAG

The Weekend Fisherman

Now at last . . . after almost five years . . . the secret is out! Yes, now you and fishermen all over America can learn the actual secret of catching big bass.

From Akron, Ohio comes one of the most amazing reports ever revealed to fishermen anywhere. A documented, verified report of fishermen like yourself catching huge, lunker-size bass . . . time after time, after time . . . and catching these unbelievably large bass from heavily fished lakes only a few miles from the heart of Akron, Ohio. Imagine! 6 pound . . . 7 pound . . . even 8 pound bass being caught in hard-fished northern waters . . . lakes surrounded by over a half million people.

And from southern waters comes even more exciting news . . . news of 10 and 12 pound bass being caught by fishermen like yourself . . . monster bass so big they make headlines even in Florida newspapers!

But here's the most startling part of all! Every single one of these giant bass were caught by fishermen who switched from their usual methods and tried a brand new way of fishing developed by an Akron fisherman... Johnny O'Neil. Unbelievable? We thought so until we checked the facts. And here's what we uncovered . . .

THE AMAZING SECRET OF JOHNNY O'NEIL

Weed Wing! A revolutionary new lure painstakingly developed and invented by Johnny O'Neil. A lure so different it was granted a patent by the United States government. A lure so effective that it has out-fished . . . time after time in actual competitions . . . the best lures from some of the world's largest fishing tackle manufacturers. A lure with such murderous appeal that big bass can't resist!

Johnny O'Neil quickly made local history using his newly created **Weed Wing**. He has won first place two years in a row in the Good-year Fishing Contest. His fantastic catches were reported time and again in the Akron Beacon Journal. And he even made headlines in a Florida newspaper (the home of giant bass) when he caught an eleven pound two-ounce bass the very first time he fished with **Weed Wing** in Florida waters!

SO EASY TO USE EVEN AMATEURS MAKE HEADLINES!

Thanks to Johnny O'Neil and his fabulous **Weed Wing**, amateur fishermen as well as experts are now making headlines.



12 LB., 8 OZ. BASS REGISTERED CATCH

Caught on **WEED WING** by Mr. J. P. Snowden, Jr. and registered at the Johnny Hogsett Sporting Goods Store in Leesburg, Florida.

In just 18 months the Akron Beacon Journal wrote up and reported over 36 different news-making catches made by fishermen like yourself using the **Weed Wing** . . . giant bass like the 8 Lb. 9 Oz. fish pictured on this page!

And that's just the beginning of the **FACTS** we dug up.

Weed Wing won the 1961 General Tire and Rubber Company Fishing Derby.

Weed Wing caught the largest bass reported at Wingfoot Lake, Ohio in 1959.

Weed Wing caught the largest bass reported at Lake Hodgson, Ohio in 1960.

And **Weed Wing** was used by three of the top four winners in the recent 1962 Texas Eliminations of the World Series of Fishing on Granite Shoals Lake!

THE AMAZING SECRET OF THE WEED WING LURE

Yes, documented, verified reports prove in case after case that **Weed Wing** caught the biggest bass in the lake . . . caught bass when other lures failed. And here's why! This revolutionary new patented lure is completely different from any lure you've ever used.

The instant you start to retrieve **Weed Wing** it bursts into action. The jet-shaped nose breaks through the surface of the water. The perfectly balanced swept-back wings whirr into action like a power-driven propeller. The specially designed body skitters in a most tantalizing, irresistible motion. But that's not all! Suddenly you'll hear it! Like a panic stricken animal swimming for its life you'll hear **Weed Wing** splashing through the water . . . splashing so loudly that it draws fish from a 40 foot area! But that's not all!

Weed Wing is one of the most highly perfected weedless lures in the world, if not the most! **Weed Wing** will miraculously plow through lily pads, splatter docks, pickerel weeds . . . yes even through the most matted duck wort that ever covered the surface of a lake. Here's why!

Weed Wing uses a wire to shield the hook from weeds. But that's only the beginning. The whirling wings, revolving at a fantastic speed, actually clear a path in front of the lure . . . sweep the weeds harmlessly aside . . . keep the hook from fouling. But even that's not the whole secret! The jet-shaped nose . . . riding high out of the water . . . keeps your line free and clear of weeds . . . eliminates once and for all the age-old problem of having the line telescope weeds to the lure!

WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU!

Many experts say 90% of the bass in a lake are normally found in the weeds. Now, thanks to **Weed Wing**, you can catch, really big bass by fishing where big bass live and feed . . . right in the heart of weed beds. No longer do you have to fish along the edge of productive weed areas trying to tempt the lunker bass from their protective cover.

Weed Wing's fantastic record has proven time and again that trophy-

FANTASTIC DOCUMENTED CATCHES

1 Won First Prize for the largest Bass caught at Akron, Ohio's largest reservoir four out of the last 5 years. Won both 2nd and 3rd place the other year.

2 Won the 1961 General Tire & Rubber Co. Fishing Derby.

3 Won 2 Goodyear Fishing Week Contests.

4 Caught largest bass reported at Wingfoot Lake, Ohio, in 1959.

5 Caught largest bass reported at Lake Hodgson, Ohio, in 1960.

6 And **WEED WING** was used by three of the TOP FOUR winners in the recent 1962 Texas Eliminations of the World Series of Fishing on Granite Shoals Lake!



OFFICIAL PHOTO
AKRON BEACON JOURNAL
8 LB., 9 OZ. BASS
RECORD AKRON CATCH!

Another **WEED WING** Record caught May 12, 1962, in Magadore Reservoir by Kenny Arnold shown above.



OFFICIAL PHOTO
Florida Daily Commercial
11 LB., 2 OZ. BASS
caught by Johnny O'Neil, inventor of **WEED WING**, the first time he fished **WEED WING** in Florida waters!

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VICE, CRIME and MARIJUANA



For centuries cannabis or hashish has been

the dope of assassins. Now it is being used to corrupt youth, and its use is reflected in increased crime.

By **RODNEY GILBERT**

TOWARDS THE END of the 11th century a master scoundrel named Hassam ben Sabbah, who had been a schoolmate of the poet Omar Khayyam in his youth, organized in Persia an efficient prototype of Murder Incorporated. His business was blackmail; and he made his demands for tribute businesslike by having anyone murdered who failed to meet those demands. According to all ancient accounts, including a colorful story by Marco Polo, Hassam's agents were drugged before undertaking a murder mission.

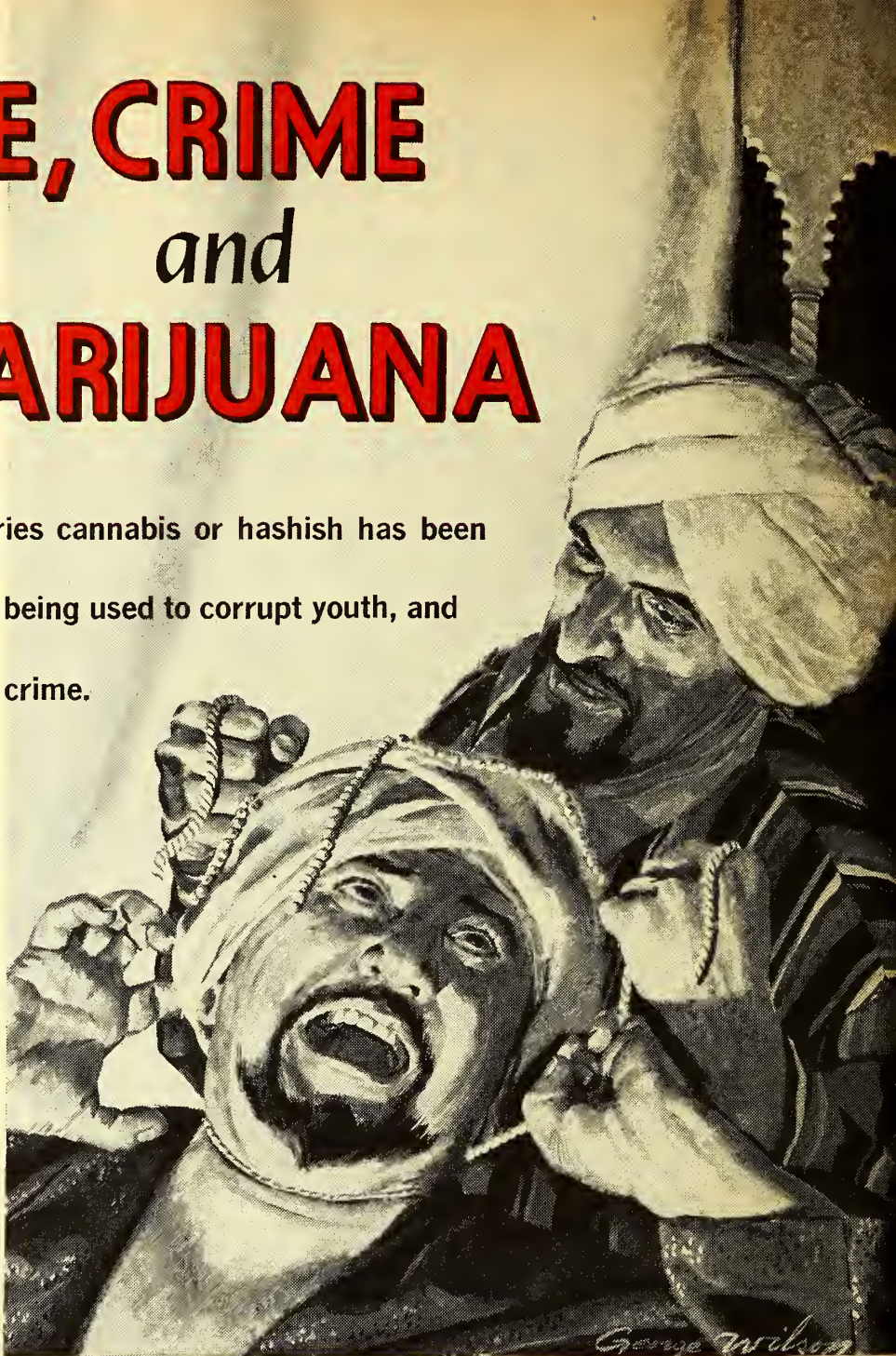
Somewhat later a similar organization, which masqueraded as a religious cult, cropped up in Syria, with headquarters in the mountains of Lebanon. This may or may not have been an offshoot of the Persian corporation; but it became painfully familiar to the Crusaders, who knew its chief as the "Old Man of the Mountain." Again, its operators were said to have been drugged before perpetrating a crime.

And the drug? Marco Polo, telling his story at the end of the 13th century, makes this clear enough. Though he did not actually name the drug, he called the killers employed by the master criminal *ashishin*, which is a very fair rendering of the Arabic *hashshashin*, which means "hashish-eater." Because of the stories which the Crusaders brought back, this Arabic word, with slight variations in spelling, became *assassin* in most European languages; and because of the part it was alleged to have played in cold-blooded crime, hashish itself has only to be mentioned to conjure up in the mind

of any reader of Oriental fact or fiction, thoughts of criminal violence.

But what is hashish? Maybe this is the right point at which to say that hashish is marijuana and marijuana is hashish. Unfortunately, this is not generally known. If it were, people might take more interest in news items, particularly police court news, mentioning marijuana. They might properly be disturbed if they realized that today's "reefers" are made of the identical drug that Hassam ben Sabbah and the "Old Man of the Mountain" used to dope their thugs before sending them out to murder.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WILSON



The assassins would drug themselves with marijuana before committing crimes.

Let us look into the background of the poisonous stuff. Whatever one calls the drug, hashish, marijuana, or by a dozen other names, it is very simply made from an otherwise innocent and commercially valuable plant known to everyone as hemp. Botanically it is known as *Cannabis Sativa* and *Cannabis Indica*. Some say that this describes two different species. Others say that there is only one species and that both names describe the same thing. To keep out of trouble, call it cannabis, and be done with it.

The homeland of hemp is believed to have been Central Asia. At some prehistoric time it was transplanted east-

ward into China where it has been cultivated ever since. Nearly, if not quite, 2,000 years ago it was introduced into Eastern Europe, and, in a relatively few centuries, its cultivation spread across the continent and into the British Isles. Then, after our earliest colonists began to develop gardens, hemp came to the

Asia, where that use of it is still popular, and spread southward into India, Iran, Arabia and the nations around the eastern end of the Mediterranean, where its use survives today as an infernal nuisance, a demoralizing habit, and as an occasional stimulus to crime.

Using hemp as a drug almost certainly came to the Western Hemisphere by way of Africa. The best guess is that Arab slave traders took hemp deep into the Dark Continent, together with instructions for its use as a drug. Even the little pygmies in central Africa's rain forests know it as "bangi" from *bhang*, one of its most common names, and grow it to pep up their festivals.

Another theory as to how marijuana came our way is based on the knowledge that its intoxicating properties have long been understood in Brazil, where hemp had been early cultivated as a fibre plant by African slaves. The slow advance of the use of hemp as a drug, northward to our border, has no dates. But this we do know. Prior to 1930 it

was virtually unknown in Cuba and the United States. It had not then crossed the Rio Grande into any American communities except those frequented by Mexican migrant workers. Then, suddenly, "reefer" smoking spread like a contagious disease; the smuggling of marijuana from Mexico into the United States became big business, as it is today, and we began to have legislation against the possession and sale of it. However, we are just beginning to think and wonder about its relation to juvenile delinquency.

An explanation of what is really wrong with the stuff, and the evil effects it produces can be summarized as follows:

1. It kills inhibitions.
2. It produces hallucinations and illusions.
3. It destroys judgment of time and distance.

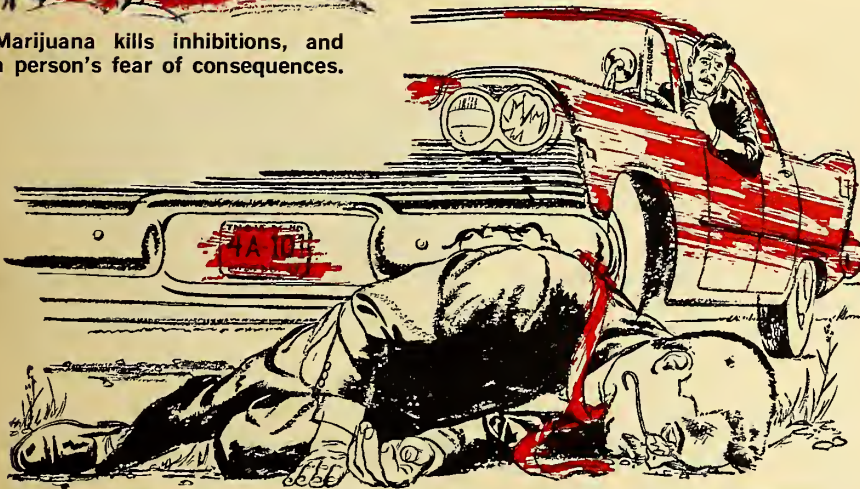
By inhibitions I mean those restraints which good upbringing, moral instruction in school, religious instruction, and community traditions put upon a man or woman's conduct. These operate both consciously and subconsciously, and not even the criminally inclined are wholly free from their influence. But enough marijuana will dispose of them all, including even the fear of consequences.

The young "assassins" described by Marco Polo were introduced into Hassam ben Sabbah's service by giving them a sample of the life luxurious. They were then told by the master that if they carried out his commissions they would be readmitted to his earthly paradise. This was a great inducement, but scarcely enough to move a decent youth to go forth and murder in cold blood a man against whom he had no grudge, and of whom he knew no evil. So he was doped with hashish, and his compunctions and fears went overboard.

(Continued on page 35)



Marijuana kills inhibitions, and a person's fear of consequences.



The drug seriously impairs judgment and is certainly the cause of accidents.

Atlantic Coast of America, just as flax did. It is interesting and important to note that in none of these continent-wide and then trans-Atlantic extensions of the cultivation of hemp was there any recognition of the fact that all parts of it, except the woody stem at the ground, contained a resin that could be used as an exhilarating "dope." In China, from great antiquity until the immediate past, throughout Europe, and in colonial America, hemp was grown solely for the fibre from which rope, cordage and coarse textile could be made, and for the seeds from which oil was extracted.

Then, one is entitled to wonder, when and how did the use of hemp as marijuana, as we know it, come to us? The route was devious. It is assumed that the discovery of the power of hemp to turn its consumers silly was made in Central

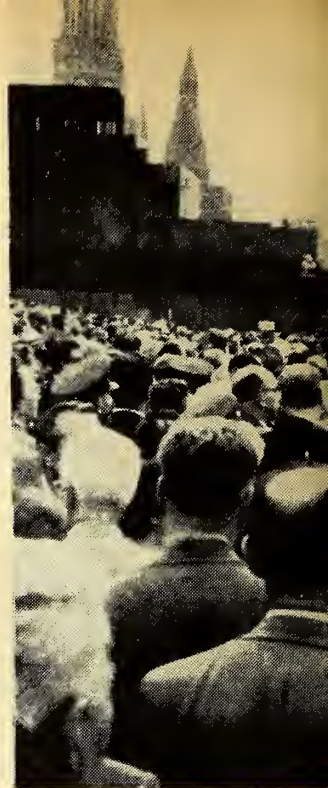


Doped with marijuana, the Brazilian thought he was being charged, and fired.

PUBLIC RELATIONS **RUSSIAN** **STYLE**



The author near the Kremlin walls.



How the men of the Kremlin sell Russians the idea that they are living in the greatest country on earth.

by **JAMES N. SITES**

THE ARMY BAND struck up the Soviet national anthem, and the noisy thousands jammed into Red Square suddenly fell silent. As brassy notes echoed off the walls of the Kremlin and the sprawling GUM department store, I looked around at the people of many different nationalities, noticing their intent faces. They were

quite obviously moved by the music.

Then I thought of other times and other places, of occasions when other bands had played our own stirring "Star Spangled Banner." My thoughts rambled on . . .

Remember the rousing songs that came out of World War I? Songs like "Over There!" and "I'm A Yankee Doodle Dandy" were not accidents. They sprang right out of the soul of a people who were bubbling over with patriotism and who tackled an awful mission with enthusiastic confidence in their position.

How many such songs can you name that came out of World War II? Or Korea?

Maybe you also remember some of the other homefront events of World War I days. There were torch-lit block rallies with songs and speeches whipping up support for war bond drives. "Victory Speakers" urging you to buy bonds interrupted movies to give four-minute speeches. Even kids got into the act selling war stamps or putting together ragged collections of almond shells for gas mask cannisters. And when troop trains moved through town, practically every one flocked to the station to offer coffee, candy and some hearty cheers.

Corny? Today, some 45 troubled years later, a lot of people seem to think so. Yet it was this kind of corn-



The guide, left, and the director of a community "palace of culture" provided propaganda.

iness that fired the spirit, stirred up people in every corner of the land, and got the whole nation moving in no uncertain terms. Maybe there was less to shout about in World War II — and less still during the Korean War. Youthful exuberance and certainty had given way to doubt and dogged determination.

And today, we find ourselves even more doggedly fighting a grim war of nerves and a slippery enemy who seldom shows his face. Maybe a little old-fashioned corn would give us all a big lift. Certainly, the communists don't hesitate to use it. This is a major ingredient in their formula for mobilizing the Russian people behind their leaders' devious aims . . .

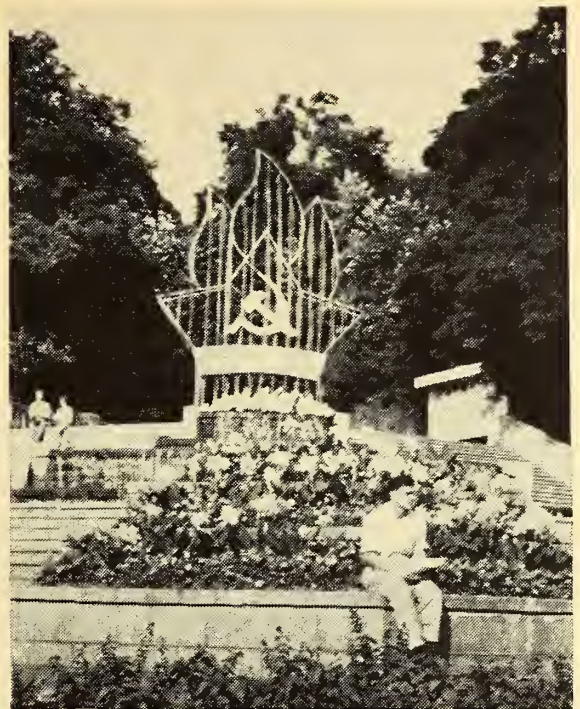
My rambling was abruptly cut short



There is a bit of irony in this picture of a Karl Marx statue and a woman worker in Moscow.



The cosmonauts afforded a fine opportunity for Khrushchev to stage another Kremlin spectacular to convince the Russians of their nation's superiority.



Even the flowers are enlisted in the crusade to keep Russians aware of their duty to the U.S.S.R.



Workers are exhorted to produce by constant propaganda. The sign behind the car, a Volga, means "Glory to Labor!"



Mammoth Moscow University where Russians and people from other lands are given "the word."

by a rousing cheer. Chairman Khrushchev, the top Kremlin hierarchy, and a flock of generals were mounting the podium atop the Lenin Mausoleum. With them were the two Russian cosmonauts whose satellites had been circling the globe simultaneously the week before. The date was August 18, 1962, and the Soviet peoples were being given not just big doses of rousing corn but whole silos full.

For this propaganda spectacular, the Kremlin walls and buildings were decked with flags, banners, giant posters, balloons and even a model spaceship. "A spontaneous demonstration," said my host. All day long stirring broadcasts had sounded over loudspeakers on the major city squares and at street intersections. That night five minutes of fireworks filled the air; I saw three separate firing locations out of my own window in the Leningradskaya Hotel. It was indeed a penetrating reminder to all of what Khrushchev repeatedly extolled as a "great Soviet achievement."

Watching all this, the words a West German jurist had uttered the night before came to mind. "To understand and deal with Russians," he said, "you must recognize that they

are hounded by two primary compulsions. One is a total lack of confidence in themselves and the other is a terrible fear of another war."

The first trait shows up in the bombastic breast-beating that goes on about Soviet progress. This appears in press stories, on radio and television programs, in every official statement, on posters along the streets saying "Glory to Labor," "Glory to the Cosmonauts," "Glory to the Builders." These all seem to be saying to the man in the street: "Look, you're just as good as anyone else. No, you're even better! So let's act like it . . ."

As an observer with

(Continued on page 44)

by HORACE S. MAZET

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF GUADALCANAL — “the fiercest naval battle ever fought,” Adm. Ernest J. King called it — began at 0124 on November 13, 1942, when the radar on the cruiser *Helena* picked up a strong Japanese bombardment force moving in at 27,000 yards: battleships *Hiei* and *Kirishima*, a light cruiser *Nagara*, and 14 destroyers. This invading fleet had a simple mission: knock out Henderson Field on Guadalcanal, our toehold in the Solomon Islands, by bombardment.

The fleet was bolstered by 11 Japanese transports loaded with troops, escorted by 12 destroyers, whose task it was to finish off the United States soldiers and Marines after the airfield had been reduced to rubble.

To oppose the enemy, Adm. Daniel J. Callaghan, USN, commanded five cruisers and eight destroyers, but unfortunately, his radar failed to give him adequate warning. It was a pitch black night, intership communication was poor and island land masses confused radar readings. When suddenly two columns of Japanese ships bore down on him, Admiral Callaghan went into action at 3,000 yards. The cruiser *Boise* roared at the dark shapes on both sides of her, speaking with the steel tongues she had, and the *San Francisco* was running the gantlet and taking a beating as she went down the line, steady gun flashes marking her progress. The *Atlanta*, the *Portland* and the *Juneau* were hammering at the black shapes and receiving in return for courage, seamanship and infinite valor, the wounds that cripple or kill them.

The sounds of the furious battle swept over the jungle islands — it wrapped around the hills and crowded the valleys and came back again. It moved into the foxholes with the Marines, and it stirred enemy troops in the swamps and hills to yell and whistle and shoot off their rifles. It rose and died and rose again, and the sea to the north flamed and went dark and flamed. And then the burning ships lit the sky as they drifted.

A Major in a blacked-out hut beside Henderson Field put down his coffee cup like a drunk setting down a shot glass. It dropped the last half inch and made a loud, sharp noise. “It’s the Jap battleships — I can tell from their big guns . . . Now I know what it does to the hero in the movies when he is going to be run over by the train — or by a truck.”

“If they can stop the battlewagons, okay,” an officer spoke from the darkness beyond the dim table light. He spoke without hope, and there was none.

“If we only had something to hit them with tomorrow!”

In 24 minutes the deadly duel was over. The *San Francisco* had been heavily damaged and most of her staff had been killed along with her commanding officer, Admiral Callaghan. *Portland* lay crippled and dead in the water. *Atlanta* was mortally wounded and sank that evening. Of the eight destroyers in the United States fleet, four were sunk, three damaged. Next morning a torpedo from Japanese submarine I-26 disposed of the Cruiser *Juneau*, and 700 of her crew — all but ten men — died.

Dawn showed a sight far worse than the aviators on Guadalcanal had dreamed; while the Japanese main force, except cripples and their attendants, had retired temporarily, it had lost only two destroyers and could be expected back.

As soon as it was light enough for operations, Marine Cactus Air Force from Henderson Field took to the air, trying desperately to repel the invaders. They found a wounded Japanese battleship just ten miles north of Savo Island and leaped on it with everything they had. Six obsolete SBD’s attacked and scored one hit. Then four Marine TBF’s led by Capt. George E. Dooley of VMSB-131 put one torpedo into the steel monster. Seven more SBD’s swung down into another assault. But they could not sink the battleship, whose big guns could make mincemeat of the airfield and destroy the United States air defense. Then the Japanese could crowd their convoy in, put their tens of thousands of fresh, im-

patient reserves ashore and let them flow up the beach and pour over the tired Marines. There would be no Dunkirk or Crete, for the U.S. Navy had no effective fighting force within 300 miles. As the Marines had done at the Tengeru River, the Japs would do now — take the bulldozers and scrape the bodies into a hole and use the blade to cover them up. The breach in the Rising Sun’s outer defense would be repaired in another day or two, when Guadalcanal capitulated.

Marine planes took off from Henderson Field. They returned when their guns and bomb racks were empty, and took off again. The pilots grew haggard. Fewer and fewer planes took off and came back. Maj. Richard Mangrum looked at Capt. John Smith and shook

MIRACLE



The Jap ship was lying dead in the water, a victim of unrelenting torpedoes.

at GUADALCANAL



The situation seemed hopeless as the huge Japanese convoy approached the island.



Scoofer kicked the Avenger around as he saw the battlegoon's big guns probing upward.

his head: "Five SBD's operational is all," he said.

Captain Smith grinned through his sweat and dust. "I have seven fighters left — cheer up!"

At noon the weary flights were on the field again, refueling. A pilot, speaking with wells of anger overflowing in his voice, said, "We can't stop the son of a bitch, Colonel! We've been hitting that battleship with everything we've got, but it isn't enough. How're we going to sink her?"

Col. Al Cooley passed a hand across his tired eyes. "How long — how long?" he asked.

Maj. Joe Sailer, the Marines' leading

dive-bomber who was not to survive the campaign, pulled the chin piece from his face and clawed at his grimy beard. His voice was a monotone of exhaustion. "She'll be hitting us with plenty if her damage control units can get her under way. This morning she bracketed one of our crippled destroyers with a salvo from 13 miles away!"

The Colonel watched his men loading bombs by hand onto their battered planes. Their work was slow and laborious. He too was tired, and he wondered how long until the end of this weeks-long desperation defense of Henderson Field. He wondered how Gen. Louis

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

Woods would deploy his two dozen planes to meet the greatest threat of all, the Japanese battleship almost within range . . . if by some miracle all his planes remained operational. Marine planes could not stop Jap air raids. They could not stop the steady flow of destroyer-borne Japanese troops landing night after night to the east, at Kola Point.

What the Marines did not know was that Adm. William F. Halsey, from his Noumea HQ, had sent the wounded carrier *Enterprise* to help meet the threat of a major Japanese attempt to retake Guadalcanal. Word of such an attempt

(Continued on page 48)

by **BARRY GOTTEHRER**

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING — from batting cages in Florida and Texas to sliding pits in Arizona and California. Veterans, suffering from too many beers and banquets, see old friends and exchange older stories. Rookies, suffering from inexperience and insecurity, sometimes listen and even occasionally learn.

For everyone, it is the annual, six-week ritual called spring training, the only time of the year when the scores mean nothing and baseball once again allows itself to become a sunny, funny game.

When did spring training begin? According to one historian, Lee Allen, it all began with the New York Mutuals who spent the spring of 1871 in Savan-



The Funny Side of

The legendary antics of yesteryear don't
fit into the big business of modern baseball.



Ossee Schreck marked his steak and nailed it to the dining room wall.

nah, Ga. But most baseball record books trace the first spring training back to Ted Sullivan, manager of the Washington Senators, in 1888. Herding his 14 players into a sleeper that spring, Sullivan headed for Jacksonville. "By the time we got there, four of the 14 players were reasonably sober, the rest were totally drunk," said Connie Mack, then a light-hitting, lighter-drinking catcher. "Sullivan put us up in shacks, paying \$1 for each of us including three meals a day. That was a lot of money then, but the woman who ran the hotel never made much money on us. There was a fight every night and the boys broke a lot of furniture. We played exhibitions during the day and drank most of the night. In those days, respectable hotels wouldn't let a baseball player within 100 yards."

It was fun, but few teams felt it was

worth the time or money until 1894. That was the year Ned Hanlon, the wily, innovating manager of the second-division Baltimore Orioles, decided spring training could be put to more practical use than drinking beer, brawling, and shaking up the natives. Taking a weak, undeveloped club to Macon, Ga., Han-



Rube Waddell got orders not to eat animal crackers in bed.

lon drilled his boys twice a day for eight weeks, stressing fundamentals and introducing the arts of bunting, the hit-and-run, and hitting to all fields. The Orioles of Wee Willie ("Hit 'em where they ain't") Keeler and John McGraw learned quickly and learned well. In the opening series

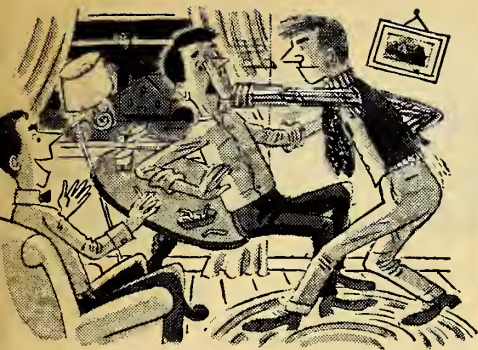


Rube Marquard honed his pitching eye shooting light bulbs off a sign.

against the favored New York Giants, the Orioles successfully executed 13 hit-and-run plays and swept all four games. With Keeler hitting .367 and McGraw .340, Baltimore won the pennant by three games. "It's a new game they're playing," complained New York manager John Ward. "It's just not baseball." But fans and other teams didn't agree. Within a few years, every team was using the hit-and-run and perfecting it in spring training.

Even if spring training didn't always produce innovators like Hanlon, it usually





"but those with the horns keep me awake all night long."

In the early 1900s, baseball teams preferred Georgia and Texas (the exception was Jacksonville) as their spring training sites. And in those days, Texas offered the ballplayer a wide variety of diversions — gaudy girly shows, gambling, and hundreds of wide-open saloons. Rube Marquard, a great Giant pitcher and a greater night owl, found another diversion one year in Marlin Springs. To amuse himself, he started taking target practice with a six-shooter out of his hotel window at a sign advertising a girly show across the street. Giant manager John McGraw offered to fine his star pitcher, but exploded when the smalltown sheriff still insisted on carting Marquard off to jail. "We put this town on the map," snapped McGraw, "and we can put it off just as quickly by leaving." Marquard stayed in his room, after a severe tongue-lashing from McGraw, and Marlin Springs stayed on the map.

One of baseball's toughest leaders, McGraw was continually driven to distraction by the spring antics of Casey Stengel, who was pretty funny during the regular season, too. One day when

Spring Training

the hotel was serving. After returning a tough steak to the kitchen, he became convinced that the waiters would merely bring it out and serve it to another player. To prove it, he marked an X on his steak and told the waiter it was too tough



Wilbert Robinson bet he could catch a baseball dropped from an airplane.



Babe Ruth was advised to rest his arm in a Pullman clothes net.

to eat. Sure enough, minutes later the same steak with X was served to another player at Schreck's table. Rushing back to his room, he grabbed a hammer and nail and quickly returned to the dining room. As the hotel's guests watched with amazement, Schreck picked up the steak with the X and nailed it to the dining room wall. "This steak has now been served twice," he bellowed triumphantly. "It will not be served again." The next year, Schreck and his teammates were asked to look for other accommodations.

Another spring, Schreck refused to sign his contract, thereby becoming one of the first holdouts in baseball history. Money had nothing to do with it. Schreck was simply bothered by roommate Rube Waddell, who ate animal crackers before going to sleep in the large, double bed they shared. "I don't mind the flat ones," said Schreck, after manager Connie Mack declared the bed off-limits for Waddell's animal crackers,

ILLUSTRATED BY SYD LANDI

the Giants arrived at the field for practice. McGraw was nowhere in sight. Almost immediately, Stengel, flicking a wet towel and flipping off his teammates' caps, had turned the normally staid Giant practice into a July 4 party. Suddenly a voice boomed from the stands. "Get to work, you no good bums," shouted McGraw, "you rich humpty-dumpties. So you thought you could put something over on the old man, did you?" That afternoon, the Giants practiced two extra hours.

Stengel, however, did not limit his clowning to his days with the Giants. When he was with Brooklyn, he was involved in one of baseball's funniest practical jokes. One day, Brooklyn manager Wilbert Robinson, a former catcher, commented during spring practice that

(Continued on page 38)

produced delightful characters and many of baseball's funniest moments. One of the greatest characters was Ossee Freeman Schreckengost (later shortened to Schreck), a comical catcher who played with the Philadelphia Athletics from 1902-08. In the days when hotel managers regarded ballplayers with calculated disdain, Schreck was regarded with fear. One spring, Schreck was particularly disturbed about the quality of steak

WASHINGTON PRO&CON

PRESENTING BOTH SIDES OF



THIS MONTH'S BIG ISSUE:

Should President Kennedy Be Given

PRO

Rep. James C. Corman (D-Calif.)
Twenty-second District



IN 1958, we suffered our most recent serious recession. The effects are still being felt. Unemployment remains high, profits unsatisfactory, confidence in the economy questionable. Many emergency measures have been taken to "get the economy moving again." The tragedy is that all this might have been avoided if President Eisenhower had been given the tools to combat the recession when it occurred.

President Kennedy has sought those tools. In 1962, he asked for authority to reduce income taxes in periods of economic distress by up to 5% for up to six months (plus one six-month extension), *subject to disapproval by Congress*. To understand how this authority would work, we should look to 1958.

That year, America's production of goods and services increased only half of one percent (0.5%), while our rate of gain in personal consumption dropped in half. In 1959, the economy rebounded, with gross product up 10% (vs. a 1947-57 average of 6.5%) and personal consumption ahead by \$21 billion. But employment refused to respond. And the problem is still with us.

Had President Eisenhower been able to make an emergency cut of 5% in personal income tax rates when the economy first showed signs of serious "softness," \$5 billion in new "spending money" would have

been pumped into the consumer economy within six months. That buys a lot of automobiles (which took the worst beating of any consumer item in 1958), appliances and other goods. Added demand would have produced jobs . . . and profits, for reinvestment to make still more jobs.

The loss in revenue from such a reduction would have been far less than the loss we actually sustained. The nation suffered its worst peacetime deficit, \$12 billion that year — not because of increased government spending, but simply and solely because of recession.

Critics of increased delegation of authority by Congress to the President recite a parade of "horrible consequences" if the trend continues. As a practical matter, such delegations (*with proper safeguards*) are essential in this complex world. The most basic Constitutional responsibility of Congress is declaring war. Yet, no one suggests that an enemy nuclear attack be met by a convening of the House and Senate, a committee report, a rule, action in each body and finally a Congressional declaration of war. The first (and probably decisive) battle of a nuclear war would be over before Congress could call the roll. Such an attack would, in fact, be met by the President, as Commander-in-Chief, ordering our military forces to take action to protect this nation and its citizens.

No one seriously questions the wisdom of such delegation of authority. Delegation of emergency tax-cutting authority to avert recession, though less important and drastic, also serves our national interest.

If you wish to let your Congressman or one of your Senators know how you feel on this big issue, tear out the "ballot" on the facing page and mail it to him----->

THE BIG ISSUES

Power To Lower Income Taxes?

CON

Rep. Joe D. Waggonner, Jr. (D-La.)
Fourth District



BEING A FIRM believer in the rightness of our Constitution, I feel that to grant such authority would violate the basic precepts of that instrument of our freedom. The purely fiscal argument against the proposal is as telling, but secondary.

Although Presidential Assistant Arthur Schlesinger has stated, "Socialism is the best defense against Communism," it would be difficult even for him to deny that the Constitution does give to Congress alone the power of taxation.

The proposition that Congress surrender to the Executive a still greater portion of the remains of the Constitutional authority it once had, is reminiscent of the gag about the operation that was a success though the patient died.

By substituting the whim of one man for the considered judgment of 535 elected representatives, we would be flirting with a similar situation. We might (though I doubt it) avert for a short time some cyclical downturn of the economy, but we would most surely lose the patient, our Constitutional democracy.

The proposal would have the bewildering effect of transferring a Legislative function (the right to levy taxes) to the Executive and transferring an Executive function (the right to veto) to the Legislative.

There is no evidence that such tampering would

have the desired effect on the economy. To the contrary, a federally-ordered emergency cut in taxes would run up a red flag to announce that danger was ahead, that the Executive had suddenly lost confidence in our economy. Such a proclamation could only cause further retrenchment.

It is doubtful if any election year would ever again come without some "economic emergency" being manufactured to justify a temporary tax cut. No matter how thin it was sliced, it would still be political baloney, on an equal footing with buying votes.

No, the proposal cannot be justified on the basis of what good such tampering might do to lift the economy at any time the President alone decided that it needed lifting. This brash power-grab lets the federalized cat out of the bag because it can only be justified in terms of its *true* intent: to add still further to the awesome power already concentrated in the Executive.

I, for one, have no fear of this nation's ability to weather the cyclical behavior of our economy. I have not lost faith in the Congress, slow, cantankerous, exasperating as it sometimes is. I do not see the panic nor hear any public clamor that says, "Abdicate your responsibilities as a member of Congress! Turn over your authority to the President, for he is all-wise!"

No. Like the framers of the Constitution, I believe that further centralization of power in the Executive would herald the approaching death of human freedom.

Joe D. Waggonner Jr.

I have read in The American Legion Magazine for March the arguments in PRO & CON on the subject: "Should President Kennedy Be Given Power to Lower Income Taxes?"

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

PRESIDENT KENNEDY ☐ NEEDS ☐ DOES NOT NEED
POWER TO LOWER INCOME TAXES

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

by LOULA GRACE ERDMAN

IN THE SPRING of 1962 the president of Gideons International presented to the past president of the American Hotel Association a Bible representing the 50 millionth copy of the scriptures given by the Gideon Society. Actually, it was only a token copy since no one will ever know with certainty who really received that 50 millionth copy.

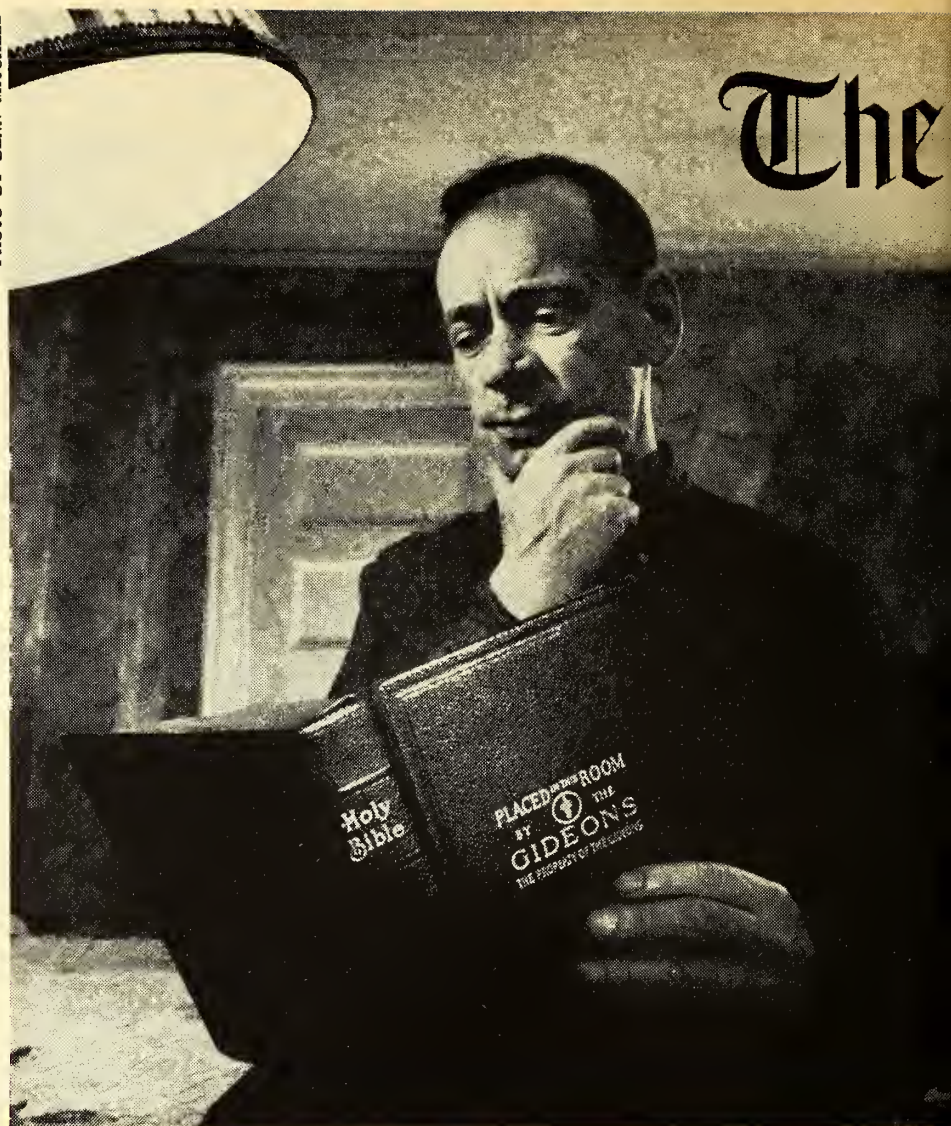
It could have been a tourist in the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay, India; a nurse in Bolivia, tucking her white testament into her uniform pocket; an American soldier in Iceland; a patient in a California hospital; a young boy in a Canadian jail. It could have been you, in some motel room in the United States. If so, you probably took it as much for granted as you did the soap and towels. Travelers expect to find the Gideon Bible in their rooms. It is also extremely unlikely that you had more than the most superficial knowledge about the Gideons, the group responsible for placing it there.

The Gideon Society was founded almost by accident and with no thought of Bible distribution. In 1898, two traveling men, strangers to each other, were obliged to share a hotel room in Boscobel, Wis. Before retiring, one of them took out his Bible and began reading, explaining that this was his nightly custom. His roommate joined in the devotionals. The men talked far into the night, discussing the lonely life traveling men lead, and agreed that there should be an organization of Christian traveling men. The next morning they went their separate ways.



More than 50,000,000 Gideon Bibles have been distributed to people in every corner of the world.

PHOTO BY BENN MITCHELL



Time and again a Gideon Bible has provided a dramatic turning point in someone's life.

They met again a year later in Janesville, Wis., once more by accident. This time they formed the society they had discussed in Boscobel. Only three men were present at this meeting, but they drew up plans and decided to call themselves Gideons, after the Bible character chosen by the Lord to deliver Israel from the Midianites. No matter about the small number; Gideon himself had conquered a great army with only 300 carefully chosen men, each armed with a pitcher, a torch, and a trumpet. The membership was to consist of Christian traveling men: the insignia was to be a white pitcher on a blue background with a flame protruding from the opening. No one so much as dreamed of giving Bibles away.

Today, the Gideon Society numbers more than 19,000 members scattered throughout 59 countries in the world. Although the distribution of Bibles is only one phase of Gideon work, it is certainly the best known. It was started in 1908 with the presentation of 25 Bibles to the manager of the Superior

Hotel in Iron Mountain, (now Superior) Mont. From that small beginning, the program has grown to its present tremendous proportions.

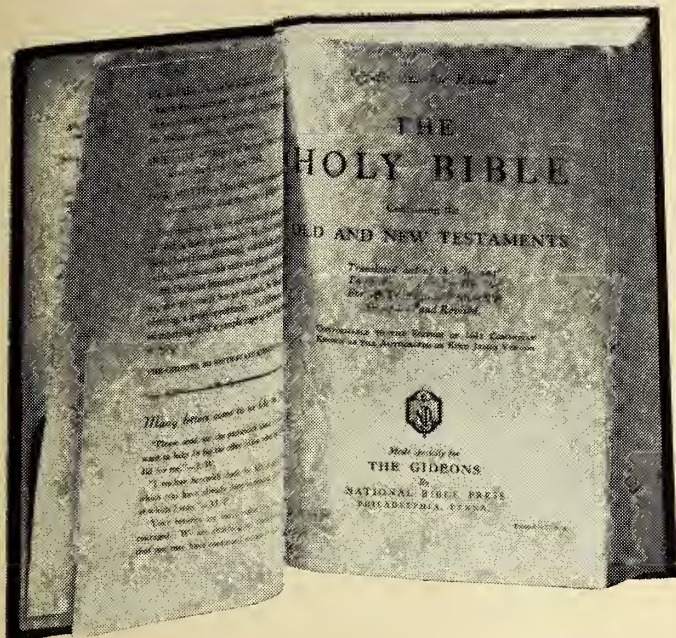
It is one thing to make Bibles available; it is quite another to know whether they are read.

A businessman decided to make a test for himself. He placed a stamped, self-addressed card with a dollar attached in a Gideon Bible and included a request that the finder return the postcard but keep the bill. Although this card did not come back, he continued his experiment, enlisting the help of relatives. Since September, 1958, some \$300 have gone into Gideon Bibles in 49 states and several Canadian provinces, together with code-marked cards bearing this message: "To Finder: Keep the special dollar bill, but please mail the postcard to help in a survey. State main reason for reading this book. Thanks."

To date, all but 36 of the coded cards have come back. Various reasons for reading have been given. For some it was a customary thing to do. Others turned

Gideons and Their Bibles

The story of the Bibles you find in hotel rooms and the people who put them there.



the Society, under the appropriate heading of "Returns."

One woman writes that after her husband's death she felt she could not endure life without him and so determined to commit suicide. Filling the car with gas, and taking a cache of hoarded sleeping pills with her, she drove until she found a motel which she felt suited her purpose. She checked in and retired, placing the bottle of pills on the bedside table. As she did so, her hand brushed a book. That book was the Gideon Bible. She picked it up and began reading. Finally she dozed off, not having taken the pills. When she awoke, the sun was shining. She got into her car and headed back home. Once there, she picked up her life where she had left off.

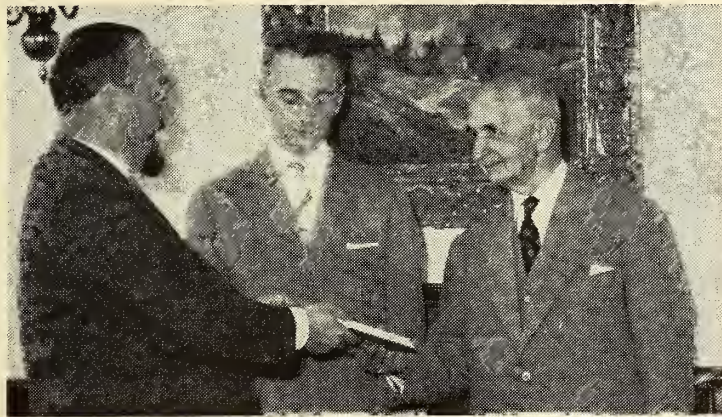
"I've made a good thing of it," she wrote.

The suicide motif recurs again and again. Granted that only a few people threatening suicide really mean to go through with it, there is still no denying that people alone in hotel rooms are often lonely and desperate. Reading the Bible could well swing the delicate balance between the wish to die and the courage to live.

The problems faced by the writers of these letters are as various and universal as the nature of man. A woman deserted by her husband; a girl, bewildered and alone for the first time in a big city; a salesman who has lost an important account; people who have sustained a great sorrow in the loss of a



A special New Testament is provided for hospitals.



A German hotel manager, right, accepts a Gideon Bible.

to it for help, consolation, inspiration and guidance — a woman whose son was in trouble, a salesman discouraged after an unsuccessful day, a man trying to make a job decision, a woman seeking "Peace of Mind."

The Gideons base their own estimates on the replacement rates. A Bible lasts, on the average, about seven years, during which time it has probably been read by 950 people, an average of 127 per year.

But the most accurate, as well as most heart-warming, answer comes from hundreds of letters flooding into the Chicago office of the Society, each holding the story of what a Gideon Bible has meant to the writer. Samples of these are published monthly in *The Gideon*, the official magazine of

loved one; a man, wiped out financially; a woman, confronted by the knowledge that she has an incurable disease; an alcoholic, wandering in his own private hell.

The number of letters from alcoholics are almost as numerous as those professing a wish to commit suicide.

A man in a hotel called a minister, saying that he must have help. Once a successful businessman, he had become an alcoholic. As a result, his business was failing and his wife threatening to leave him.

"Turn around and pick up the Bible off the desk behind you," the minister said.

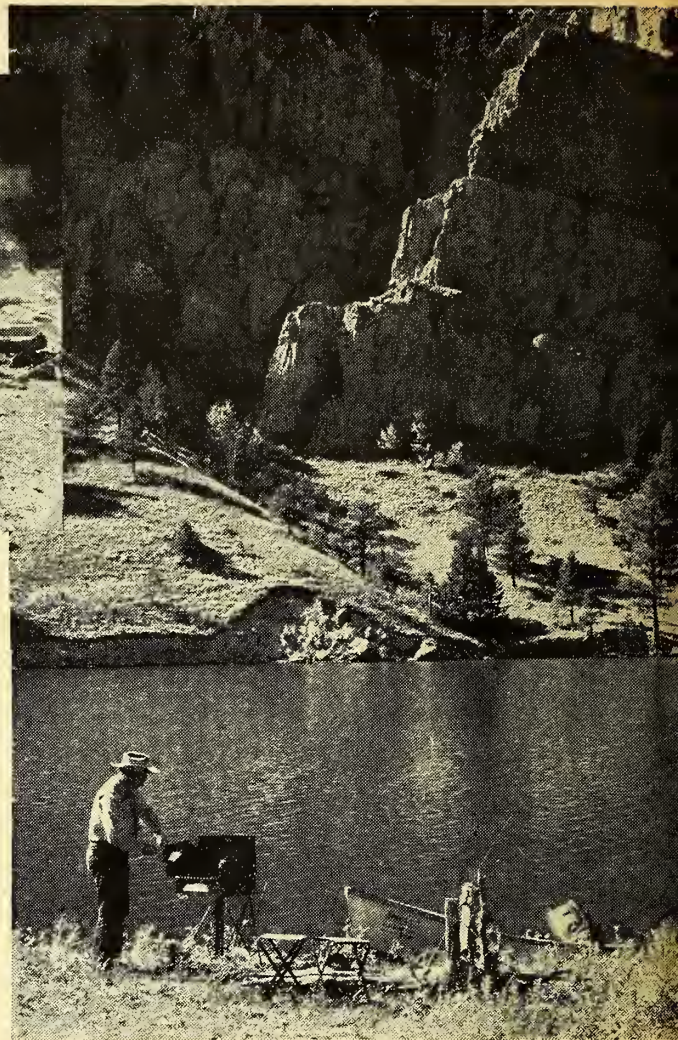
There was a long silence.

(Continued on page 42)



Breakfast is served on a pack trip in Montana's Gallatin National Forest.

Try a Wilderness Vacation



The explorers Lewis and Clark camped on this spot at Gates of the Mountains. You get there only by boat.

By planning now you can enjoy yourself in primitive surroundings this summer.

by ERWIN A. BAUER

ONE BRIGHT DAY several summers ago my two sons and I rented a jeep in tiny Cooke City, Mont., just outside of Yellowstone National Park. Then, equipped with fishing tackle, food, camping gear, cameras and a spare can of gas, we headed deep into the mountains.

But our destination wasn't the interior of Yellowstone, which we'd have had to share with two million other summer visitors. Our goal was the Beartooth Wilderness Area to the northeast, a magnificent bit of Rocky Mountain real estate which too few people ever see.

In the week that followed, we fished in alpine lakes where the trout had never seen a lure and where the rankest amateur could have hooked the fish. We enjoyed intimate glimpses of wild animals — of bighorn sheep, bears and bull

moose — and explored lost gold mines and long-abandoned ghost towns. We pitched our tent beside a different stream beneath a different mountain peak every night. The whole week was a lively holiday which none of us will ever forget.

Since that summer we've visited a dozen other Wilderness Areas from Montana southward to New Mexico. We've hiked or ridden on lonely trails, climbed mountains, found forgotten cliff dwellings and completely escaped the ordinary. In so doing, we've discovered a whole new world of high adventure — a world which many more Americans should discover.

Most of us are familiar with our splendid system of National Forests. These public lands, which total over 180 million acres in 40 states, are administered under the Department of Agriculture. But not nearly so well known are the 80 wilderness-type areas within the Forests

which cover about 14½ million acres. Depending on size and location, they're designated as Wilderness, Wild or Primitive Areas.

Whereas the National Forests are meant for multiple use — for timber and water management, for grazing and mining, as well as recreation — the Wilderness Areas are never to be disturbed or "improved." The idea is to keep them exactly as our ancestors found them, examples of primitive America. Even today some of the areas are roadless, which means you travel on foot, either your horse's or your own. But no matter whether you travel the Wilderness by canoe or horseback, by jeep or shank's mare, they are the best bargains in summer holidays or vacations anywhere in the land. You pay no admission or entrance fees and you need make no reservations. The Wilderness Areas are yours for as long as you want to use them.

Since these areas offer something for almost everyone, let's consider a few details of a Wilderness vacation.

Suppose you're among America's 35 million fishermen. In that case the Wil-

derness system is made to order. One of the really great fishing experiences is to escape from other anglers and to cast where few fishermen have ever cast before. To be able to do so may seem highly improbable in this high-speed, high-tension era in which we live. But the truth is that any angler in the nation can have a remote lake or two entirely to himself this summer in many of the Wilderness Areas, and experience the fishing time of his life.

The Beartooth Wilderness is a good example. This region offers over 1,000

beautiful area of cascades and virgin timber, with a little-known but excellent fishing hole.

Fishing Linville Gorge, like fishing most other Wilderness Areas, does require a bit more effort than fishing elsewhere because it's off the beaten track. But for the new, growing number of outdoorsmen, and for family campers, that's all the better. It's fun simply to catch fish, but it's even more exciting if you have to hike, ride or climb to do so. If, in addition, the trip is through some of America's most spectacular scenery, that adds more spice to the adventure.

It's often an accepted fact that our National Parks — Yellowstone, Glacier, Sequoia, Grand Canyon, the Smokies — contain the most beautiful scenery in the United States. But that is not necessarily true. The state of Montana can boast the Chinese Wall in the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area, the Mission Range, and the Spanish Peaks Area, all of which must rate with the most magnificent scenery on earth. Visitors who see these places for the first time are always amazed at the sheer beauty of the scenes around them. In fact, there is a growing number of wilderness buffs who spend entire summers visiting these magnifi-



Canoeing is perfect in the Quetico-Superior Wilderness on the Canadian border.



Trail riding by following a stream bed in the Bob Marshall Wilderness.



This angler has an exquisite lake all to himself in Montana's Beartooth Wilderness. There are hundreds of lakes in the area.



The rugged beauty of scenery such as this rewards vacationists who ride into the Spanish Peaks Wilderness.



You needn't leave your horse to catch trout in the thousand lakes of Uinta Wilderness.

lakes, plus interconnecting streams, with crystal-clear waters containing trout — and unsophisticated trout at that. The same is true in Utah's beautiful Uinta Wilderness, where in a week of wandering on horseback we never saw another human being. But we did manage to sample about 20 different lakes and enjoyed great sport in all of them.

But all of the good Wilderness fishing isn't in the West. The Linville Gorge Area, which contains 7,600 acres near Asheville, N. C., is less than a day's drive from most of the large eastern centers of population. It's an unusually

cent areas and absorbing their beauties.

Teddy Roosevelt was the first prominent American to encourage the setting aside of wilderness regions, particularly those of great natural beauty. But it wasn't until 1924 that the first area, the Gila Wilderness in New Mexico, was actually established. A few years later another 138,000 acre portion of New Mexico was designated as the Pecos Wilderness.

It would almost seem to be divine guidance which prompted Aldo Leopold, Bob Marshall, and other early conserva-

(Continued on next page)

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tionists to toil for the establishment of the Gila and subsequent areas. Leopold was a government forester who foresaw how expansion and progress would eventually claim every corner of the country for development. But he felt that Americans would be richer and happier in the long run if they would set aside certain areas to remain undisturbed for future generations. Now we know that his thinking was sound. The true value of our Wilderness is impossible to calculate.

"Wilderness has a decent influence," Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas wrote recently. "It transforms men; brings out the spiritual values of life." Most modern doctors and psychologists agree. They know that many of us need the escape and solitude these places offer.

Any family planning a camping vacation this summer might well consider the Wilderness Areas. They do not contain formal or elaborate campsites as do the National Parks and Forests, but neither will you face congestion and confusion. A typical situation can be found at Gates of the Mountains Wild Area, along the Missouri River in Montana, which is particularly suited to families that are both camping and boating fans. It's possible to launch a small boat along U.S. 91 north of Helena, Mont. and then outboard to the same campground (at Coulter Gulch) used by Lewis and Clark on their westward journey to the Pacific.

While camping at Coulter Gulch, which can't be reached except by boat, there are endless activities to keep everyone busy. Vacationers can climb, by switchbacking foot trail, to the top of the Gates which Lewis and Clark first believed would block their travel upstream. It's a steep, but not a difficult ascent. Mule deer are plentiful and usually can be photographed. Occasionally, Rocky Mountain goats can be spotted on sheer canyon walls right from the camp. Rock-hounding is always profitable in the vicinity, and a morning of panning in nearby Mann Gulch will usually produce a few flecks of gold. Ospreys nest along this section of the Missouri in vast numbers and are interesting to watch. In addition, there's good fishing.

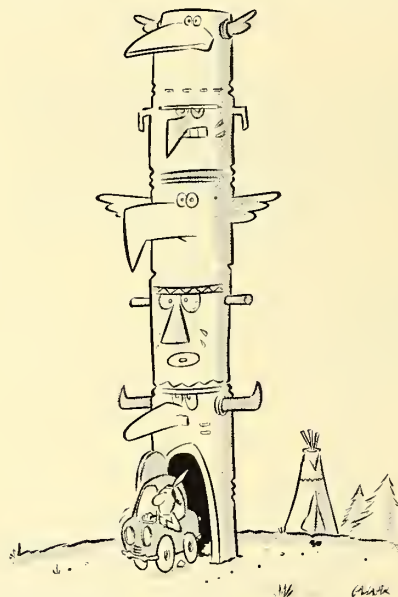
But this point is most important: we've described Gates of the Mountains in detail only because it's typical rather than unique in the number of activities which are possible. No camper or traveler in any of the Wilderness Areas need ever have a dull moment.

There's also great variety in the Wilderness Areas. Not all are located in distant places far from big cities, and not all are in the mountains. Each has a wonderfully distinctive flavor. The 19,000-acre San Geronio Wild Area is only a short drive from Los Angeles, San Diego and the human concentration of southern California. As popular in win-

ter as in summer, San Geronio is probably America's best wilderness skiing area. Other areas are close to metropolitan San Francisco, Seattle and Portland.

The largest Wilderness east of the Rockies is one that is officially designated as Boundary Waters Canoe Area, but is more commonly known as the Quetico-Superior Wilderness, located in extreme northern Minnesota. It contains more than 800,000 acres. There is another area of equal size established on the Canadian side of the international boundary.

Incomparably beautiful, especially in



THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

autumn, the Quetico-Superior offers excellent fishing in hundreds of lakes. The more remote the lake, the better the fishing. But even though this vast region of half-land, half-water is roadless and accessible only to canoe travel (except in emergency not even aircraft land in the area) it's easily available to any American with an adventuresome spirit.

At Ely, Minnesota, a number of outfitters will completely equip parties of any size for budget trips of any duration. They'll furnish everything from tents and cooking gear to canoes, sleeping bags, axes and waterproof route maps — all for as little as \$5 per person per day. Larger groups, such as Boy Scouts and Explorer troops, can make a long trip for even less.

Exactly three decades ago this summer, in 1933, a party of 22 men and women completed a six-day trail ride and pack trip through the Bob Marshall Wilderness. The trip was sponsored by the American Forestry Association and was so successful that it became an annual affair. Now the trail rides have been extended to cover most of the important Wildernesses across the country — and they're open to everybody. Anyone can

join an AFA Trail Ride for only about \$25 a day, all expenses included.

This summer AFA Trail Rides will visit the following Wilderness Areas: Pecos (Sangre de Cristo Mts., New Mexico), Teton (Wyoming), Bob Marshall (Montana), Maroon Bells-Snowmass (Colorado), Bridger (Wyoming), Uinta (Utah), High Sierra (California), San Juan (Colorado), Smoky Mountains (Tennessee). In addition, AFA will probably sponsor canoe trips into the Quetico-Superior region and on the Allagash River in Maine. Inquiries on these AFA activities should be addressed to Dorothy Dixon, Director, Trail Riders of the Wilderness, 919 Seventeenth Street, NW, Washington 6, D. C.

Another national organization — The Wilderness Society — also sponsors annual trail rides to the following Wilderness Areas: Gila, Pecos, Teton, Bob Marshall, Big Horn Crags and Salmon River (Idaho), Flat Tops (Colorado), Rio Grande-San Juan. Inquiries should be addressed to Don Clauser, Box 1229, Santa Fe, New Mexico, or to the Wilderness Society, 2144 "P" Street, NW, Washington 7, D. C.

Still another group — The Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies — sponsors annual trips into remote portions of Banff National Park where there is excellent fishing. Americans are always invited to join these trips. The cost of \$18 a day is lower than most trips in the United States. For more information, write to Claude Brewster, Box 99, Banff, Alberta, Canada.

For detailed information on backpacking or trail riding in any of the California Wilderness Areas, write to the Sierra Club, 1080 Mills Tower, San Francisco 4, Calif. Information on southern California and Barranca del Cobre, Mexico, trail trips can be obtained from Wampler Trail Trips, Box 45, Berkeley 1, Calif.

If you're interested in a pack trip into any of the Wilderness areas of Montana, write to Montana Outfitters and Guides Association, Billings, Montana.

For a list of all Wilderness Areas, their size and location, write to Clint Davis, Director of Information, U. S. Forest Service, Washington 25, D. C.

It's hard to say too much in praise of our wonderful Wilderness Areas. We've already pointed out the economy of a Wilderness vacation, plus the mood of complete escape and high adventure which every wilderness traveler feels. But something else also happens to a wilderness wanderer. He is touched by inspiration.

As one wilderness visitor commented last summer, "There's no better way to acquire a love and appreciation for America than to sleep under canvas and to hike for a spell in country exactly as our ancestors found it."

THE END



A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

THE PROCEEDS OF GI INSURANCE POLICIES ARE NOT — REPEAT NOT — TAXABLE:

"Newsletter" reported at income tax time last year that the proceeds of life insurance policies issued to veterans by the Veterans Administration are not taxable. . . . We were surprised to receive reports from many quarters that local Internal Revenue Service offices disputed this, and had been requiring income taxes to be paid on GI insurance proceeds. . . . As a result, The American Legion's Nat'l Rehabilitation Office requested the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to issue clarifying instructions to IRS field offices. . . . Should the matter be challenged again, we herewith quote from Internal Revenue Service Publication No. 17, 1962 edition p. 26:

"Veterans' insurance proceeds and dividends are not taxable either to the veteran or to his heirs. This is true also with respect to a veteran's endowment policy paid before the death of the veteran."

Virtually no VA benefits paid to veterans or their dependents are taxable. . . . One exception is the interest earned (and only the interest) from dividends on insurance policies left on deposit with the VA. . . . And of course the phrase "veterans' insurance" used in the IRS instruction above does not apply to commercial life insurance policies held by veterans, but only to government veterans' policies. . . . Neither pension nor compensation paid to veterans or their dependent survivors by VA need be reported as taxable income.

HOW TO UNDERSTAND WHAT'S WHAT IN DRIVE TO ABOLISH HOUSE COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES:

"Newsletter" had to go to press before Congress dealt directly with the annual drive to abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee. . . . Predictors were saying that perhaps as many as 20 votes in the House would be cast by Representatives in favor of hamstringing the Com-

mittee. . . . That would be a "big gain" since not that many of our Representatives went along with this major aim of the Communist Party USA last year. . . . To counteract the lobbying of Frank Wilkinson in the House Cafeteria against the Un-American Activities Committee, Legionnaires in large numbers wrote their Congressmen in January to support the Committee and its budget. . . . They report that on the whole they got warm personal assurances of support for the House Un-American Activities Committee from most Representatives, compared to more routine, formal acknowledgments last year.

The enemies of the investigation of subversion may pick up three or four votes. . . . But indications are that an increase in the depth of feeling against them by the great majority of our legislators may more than offset any small increase in Congressional supporters about which they may crow.

It is a pity that most Americans get their information on the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and on the Senate's Subcommittee on Internal Security, via subsister TV shows and news columns that are edited more for "good journalism" than for "good information". . . . If a woman who is identified as a "housewife" goes on TV and says that she thinks the committees are "unfair", this may be all that the average John Doe gets to see of the issue. . . . The actual meat of the work of these committees can be truly grasped by reading, word-for-word, the full texts of the hearings that they hold. . . . As we are privileged to have read the full texts of countless hearings, and to have attended not a few, it almost makes us urp to hear "housewife" whine on TV that they are "unfair." . . . It is a travesty on what is called "public information."

What these committees are dealing with are very largely the most sinister machinations against our country -- a fact which "housewife" never mentions. . . . We think you will find the actual pub-

lished hearings to be eyeopeners, if you will secure some and read them, cover-to-cover....Most of the volumes cost only pennies, and they are often exciting reading as well as horse's mouth information in detail....You may write to the U. S. Gov't Printing Office, Division of Public Documents, Washington 25, D.C. and ask for its "1962 official list of publications relating to Communism."... When you have the list you can select some juicy titles and order them for small sums on the coupon that is provided....We especially recommend volumes of actual hearings...You will get an entirely different view of what it is that "housewife" as well as Mr. Wilkinson, etc., want to choke off at the source.

CORRECTION ON NAT'L CEMETERY BURIAL:

William J. Anderson, of Bull Shoals, Ark., was the first of several readers to point out that in our January article on veterans burial rights we used a poor choice of words in saying that a veterans' spouse may be buried in a National Cemetery if the veteran agrees to be interred in the "adjoining space."... Burial would actually be in the same grave, and this could well have a bearing on a decision to elect Nat'l Cemetery burial for man and wife.

A SAD BOOK:

A book about veterans organizations by Prof. Rodney G. Minott, Assoc. Prof. of History at Stanford, is just out.... Called Peerless Patriots, it is a sad thing to read, because it combines excellent scholarship, research and organization with the most far-fetched interpretations....The book is especially a study of patriotism and Americanism as propounded by U. S. vets organizations....According to Prof. Minott, The American Legion adopted Junior Baseball (after it "discovered" that youngsters like to play baseball) and numerous other civic programs because the general approval of these programs by the populace would result in making fellow citizens and the youthful beneficiaries think exactly like the Legion regarding its official policies!

According to Prof. Minott this master plan has failed to produce the uniform thinking which he says was its aim....We are not surprised that it failed....We

think the idea is stupid and the failure could be expected....We give them both to Prof. Minott....The tragedy of Peerless Patriots is that the same sort of interpretive junk runs through 118 pages of pretty good reporting -- though even some of the reporting is guessed, and guessed wrong.... Our impression is that Prof. Minott has read an enormous amount about his subject, but knows virtually nothing about veterans organizations as living things....He seems especially imbued with the idea that Legion programs and policies are conceived by masterminds on high who foresee long-range effects in detail.... This is a howl to every Legionnaire who is familiar with the actual process of groping forward through endless debate, from the Post meeting to the National Convention.... Every Legionnaire knows that the price he pays for the virtues of excessive democracy in the Legion is that he has to live with all the faults of excessive democracy....Prof. Minott never found that out, so he never discovered that the Legion's Americanism programs virtually all started as trial and error experiments by Posts....He went to press thinking that they were largely designed by a public-relations oriented ruling clique.... It is not unusual for scholars who believe that living organisms can be evaluated from what is on library shelves to miss the target by a country mile.... Zoologists don't make this mistake, but historians are prone to it.

OLDEST LEGIONNAIRE?

With the death of John C. Volz of Indiana at age 101, it has been suggested to us by Charles A. Wall, of Brooklyn, N.Y. that the oldest living Legionnaire may now be one of his fellow members of U.S.S. Tampa Coast Guard Post 719, N.Y.C., namely George W. McKenzie.... McKenzie, who lives in Waterford, Conn., will be 99 this May 28....He retired from the Coast Guard in 1919.

MILITARY DUTY AFTER JULY 31, 1961 EXEMPTED FROM GI EDUCATION TIME:

Under a new law, enacted late last year, time spent on active military duty under orders issued after July 31, 1961 will not eat into educational deadlines under the Korea GI Bill of Rights or the War Orphans Education Act.

MARCH 1963

Legion's 1963 Pension Bill Introduced Jan. 17 as HR1927

Seeks raise in payments, easing of income restrictions; Would abolish "spouse's income," raise ceilings, cut step intervals from three to two; End of "welfare" concept urged for vets, widows

The American Legion has drafted its bill to revise the existing veterans' pension law, in conformity with Res. #317 of the 1962 National Convention. It was introduced in Congress, Jan. 17, by Rep. Roland Libonati (Ill.), member of The House Veterans Affairs Committee. The number of the bill is HR1927.

Last month, on these pages, a lengthy article went into the details of the present veterans' pension situation.

Here we present the specifics of what the Legion will ask Congress to adopt with respect to pensions — in HR1927.

The bill proposes amendments to Public Law 86-211, which went into effect in July, 1960 — many of whose shortcomings and related problems were spelled out here last month.

Legionnaires are urged to keep this information on file, as well as the article on veterans benefits which appeared in this space in our February issue. Members may be asked at the right time to support HR1927 with direct communications to their own Congressmen. This published information will be valuable reference material at that time.

Here are the major points of the Legion's bill:

General Major Proposals

1. **Raise income limits.** The Legion proposes that the amount of non-pension income that acts as a bar to a veteran or veteran's widow receiving a pension be raised.

2. **Increase pension payments.** The Legion asks general increases in the amount of pension payable to eligible veterans and widows.

3. **Simplify steps.** The Legion asks that the payment of different amounts of pension to eligible veterans and widows in three different steps, according to how much other income they have, be changed so that there will only be two steps instead of three, and so that the bottom step will be appreciably elevated.

4. **Eliminate "spouse's income" provision.** The Legion asks elimination of the present provision that income of a spouse over \$1200 be counted as income that acts as a bar to receipt of pension by a veteran.

5. **Stop medical exams for vets over 65.** The Legion asks an end to medical examinations to establish 10% disability for pension purposes, where the veteran is 65 or older, and unemployed.

6. **Change the withholding of pension of hospitalized vets.** The Legion asks that the present method of withholding a veteran's pension while he is receiving prolonged care in a VA hospital be revised. The proposal would *continue* to protect the government from building an unspent estate for the veteran with pension payments in the event the veteran does not recover, *without*, at the same time, withholding the pension from him if he should be discharged from the

hospital — as PL86-211 does now.

7. **Exempt unusual expenses.** The Legion asks that unusual medical costs, and burial expenses of a spouse or child, be deductible from income that must be reported to determine VA pension eligibility.

Tables

To simplify understanding of the present provisions and of the Legion's proposed changes in pension rates (a very complicated piece of business because of the intricacies of the present law) we publish tables on the next two pages which show:

(a) The amount of pension now payable to eligible veterans and widows, with and without dependents, and

(b) The amounts proposed by the Legion in HR 1927.

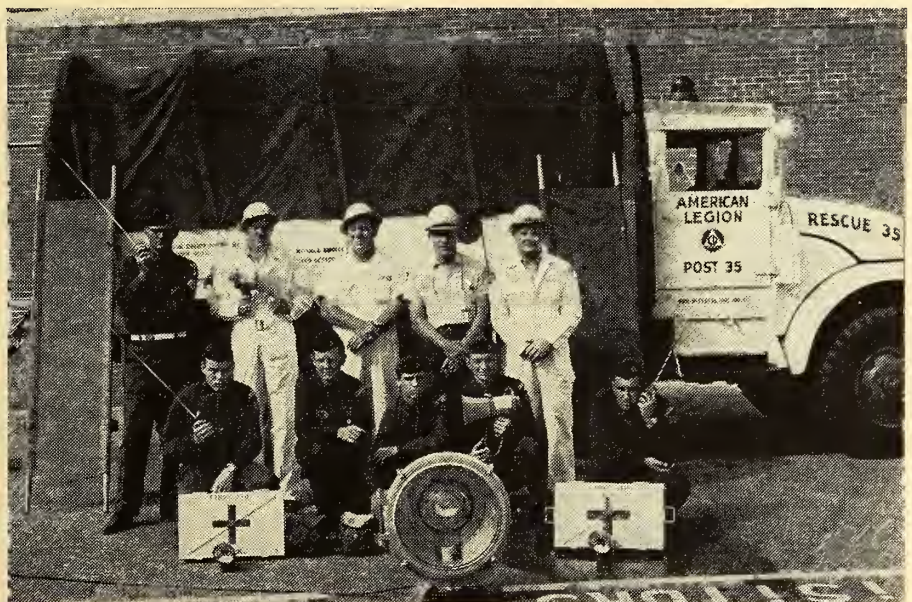
Our tables show the amount now payable monthly and the amount proposed, for veterans and widows whose other income ranges from nothing a year up to the maximum present and proposed allowable income levels.

By "other income" we mean, in general, income other than VA pension.

Figures are shown where other *yearly* income is \$00; \$200; \$400 and so on at \$200 step intervals.

Any veteran or widow, with or without dependents, who is now or may become eligible for a pension, can readily find on our tables how much pension he

RESCUE TEAM OF AN OKLAHOMA LEGION POST



Members of Post 35, Oklahoma City, Okla., pose with their radio-equipped Light Duty Rescue unit equipment. Members are trained for Civil Defense and "normal" rescues.

(CONTINUED)

The Legion's Pension Bill — HR 1927

may receive under PL86-211 at present, and under the Legion's proposal.

Thus a veteran with two dependents (wife and minor child, or two minor children) whose other income is \$800 a year, need only look at the chart for VETERANS WITH DEPENDENTS.

He checks down the left hand "annual other income" column to \$800. He reads across that line to the figures under "two dependents." He sees that if he is eligible for a pension he may receive \$95 a month at present, or \$105 a month under the Legion plan.

He may also note that if a slight increase in his other income should bring it to \$1,000.01 (over \$1,000) his pension would be reduced to \$75 a month

under the present law, but that it would stay at \$105 a month under the Legion plan, and not be reduced under it until his other income reached \$2,400.01 (over \$2,400).

He would also note that his pension would be cut off entirely at present if his other income should go over \$3,000, but not until it went over \$3,600 under the Legion proposal.

Notes

In the *notes* under each table, the basic eligibility restrictions that have *nothing to do with income* are noted.

These are very important for a proper understanding of veterans pensions and the eligibility requirements.

Critics of veterans pensions frequently refer to the VA pension program as "a plan to support all veterans for life."

They are undoubtedly unaware that if a veteran is to receive a pension he must not only meet the income restrictions, but must also be in such a physical condition through disability, or a combination of disability and age, as to be unable to pursue substantially gainful employment.

Fortunately "all veterans" are not in this condition "for life" and the amount of pension paid is scarcely enough to "support" anyone.

The low amounts of payment and the restrictions — on income, on earning capacity, and on physical condition — actually make the veterans' pension program the most cramped of all accepted pension systems. Virtually no other pen-

VETERANS WITH DEPENDENTS — MONTHLY PENSION NOW UNDER PL86-211, AND AS PROPOSED

Annual Other Income	ONE DEPENDENT		TWO DEPENDENTS		THREE DEPENDENTS		FOUR DEPENDENTS	
	Now	Legion asks	Now	Legion asks	Now	Legion asks	Now	Legion asks
\$0,000.00	\$90.00	\$100.00	\$95.00	\$105.00	\$100.00	\$110.00	\$100.00	\$115.00
200.00	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
400.00	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
600.00	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
800.00	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1,000.01*	75.00	"	75.00	"	75.00	"	75.00	"
1,200.00	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1,400.00	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1,600.00	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1,800.00	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
2,000.01*	45.00	"	45.00	"	45.00	"	45.00	"
2,200.00	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
2,400.01*	"	80.00	"	85.00	"	90.00	"	95.00
2,600.00	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
2,800.00	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
3,000.01*	00.00	"	00.00	"	00.00	"	00.00	"
3,200.00	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
3,400.00	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
3,600.01*	"	00.00	"	00.00	"	00.00	"	00.00

Notes on income and dependents:

"Other Income" now includes earning of spouse in excess of \$1200. *Legion asks* that this provision be wiped out.

"It is *not* now permitted that unusual medical expenses, costs of burial of immediate family member be deductible from reportable income. *Legion asks* that such expenditures be deductible.

Present law adds \$5 for each dependent, up to three dependents, where other income is below \$1,000. *Legion asks* \$5

a month extra for each dependent above one, no matter how many dependents, over the whole scale. Additions for dependents, up to four dependents, are *included* in the figures above.

Notes on disability:

Readers must not assume that the above income stipulations are the only requirements for a veterans pension. The veteran must also be adjudged totally and permanently disabled, and substantially unemployable.

Because of the *prima facie* disabling effect of age, under present law veterans at age 65 may meet the "totally and permanently disabled" qualification by showing 10% disability. *The Legion asks* that where the veteran at 65 is unemployed no medical examination to determine 10% disability be required. Reason: virtually all such veterans meet the 10% standard when examined, and the examinations are an unnecessary expenditure.

sion systems employ any of these fences. No veteran who is, *or may fear that he will become*, eligible for a VA pension in recognition of his past services to the nation, need apologize for the VA pension or for seeking moderate improvements in what will still be the most restricted pension system in the nation.

The "Why" of the Legion Bill

The meat of the Legion's bill is its proposed alteration of the pension rates and ceilings, but the other proposed changes are also meaningful.

Here is a summary of the reasoning behind the more important proposals.

1. **Spouse's income.** Counting income of a spouse as "other income" that could bar a veteran from receiving a pension was a new wrinkle, first applied in PL86-211 when it went into effect in 1960. It was supposed to be a way to stop a veteran with substantial income-earning property from transferring it to his wife in order to sneak onto the pension rolls in spite of a large unearned income. Very little has been saved the government by this provision since 1960, while harm was done where a wife went to work to hold the family of an unemployed disabled or aged veteran together. The very nature of VA pensions makes this sort of situation the general rule while the slick cheater is the exception. Thus this provision has done little good but caused a lot of hardship.

2. **Eliminating medical examinations at 65.** At 65, *age* is the chief factor in judging a veteran's diminished earning capacity, and only 10% *measured disability* is needed. Nearly all people at 65 are at least 10% disabled. The medical examinations are a waste of funds and effort, their results being 99% a foregone conclusion. They could probably be eliminated entirely for 65-year-olds and save government funds. Even so the Legion, having met resistance to this sensible proposal, only asks that the examinations be eliminated where the veteran at 65 is out of work.

3. **The changes in rates and ceilings.** In a sense, any such figures as those in our tables are arbitrary — a compromise between what ought to be, what is reasonable, and what may be possible.

The Legion's proposals are far less arbitrary than those in the present law, which was an experiment, based on no experience.

The Legion's proposed figures are based on almost three years experience with impoverished veterans and widows living under both the low scales and the complicated conditions of Public Law 86-211.

They are the product of the meeting of many minds which have been concerned with the problem in actual ex-

perience since 1960.

Legion delegates and specialists at the 1962 Convention who had frequently, and sometimes bitterly, disagreed on what ought to be done, came together on Res. #317.

It was adopted with more unanimity than any proposed pension reform at a

VETERANS WITHOUT DEPENDENTS MONTHLY PENSION NOW UNDER PL86-211 AND AS PROPOSED BY LEGION

Annual other income	Now	Legion asks
\$ 000.00	\$85.00	\$100.00
200.00	"	"
400.00	"	"
600.01*	70.00	"
800.00	"	"
1,000.00	"	"
1,200.01*	40.00	"
1,400.00	"	"
1,600.00	"	"
1,800.01*	00.00	80.00
2,000.00	"	"
2,200.00	"	"
2,400.01*	"	00.00

See also: "Notes in disability" below the chart on VETERANS WITH DEPENDENTS, which applies in this case too.

VETERANS' WIDOWS — WITH DEPENDENTS MONTHLY PENSION NOW UNDER PL86-211 AND AS PROPOSED BY LEGION

Annual other income	1 MINOR CHILD Now	Legion asks
\$ 000.00	\$75.00	\$75.00
200.00	"	"
400.00	"	"
600.00	"	"
800.00	"	"
1,000.01*	60.00	"
1,200.00	"	"
1,400.00	"	"
1,600.00	"	"
1,800.00	"	"
2,000.01*	40.00	"
2,200.00	"	"
2,400.01	"	65.00
2,600.00	"	"
2,800.00	"	"
3,000.01*	00.00	"
3,200.00	"	"
3,400.00	"	"
3,600.01*	"	00.00

Note on more children:

Present law allows \$15 extra for each minor child in excess of one. *Legion asks* no change.

Note on disability:

Disability, though required of a veteran if he is to receive a pension, is not required of a widow. *Legion asks* no change.

National Convention since WW2 — a unanimity that included the most conservative as well as the most radical in their notions of how to untie the pension mess — a unanimity based on first hand knowledge of *what 86-211 has done to people*.

For example, you will note on our ta-

Note on remarriage:

If a veteran's widow remarries, she loses entitlement to pension based on the deceased veteran's war service. *Legion asks* no change. In that case, minor children of the deceased veteran may be entitled to pension in their own right, as they also may be, depending on their income, in any other case of the mother having no pension eligibility herself. *Legion asks* no change in children's entitlement to pension in their own right.

Note on widows:

If a veteran's marriage is childless, his widow cannot qualify for pension if, at the time of the veteran's death she has not been married to and living as spouse with the veteran for a set period of time, the set periods varying according to the war of service of deceased veteran. *Legion asks* no change.

VETERANS' WIDOWS — WITHOUT DEPENDENTS MONTHLY PENSION NOW UNDER PL86-211 AND AS PROPOSED BY LEGION

Annual other income	Now	Legion asks
\$ 000.00	\$60.00	\$65.00
200.00	"	"
400.00	"	"
600.01*	45.00	"
800.00	"	"
1,000.00	"	"
1,200.01*	25.00	"
1,400.00	"	"
1,600.00	"	"
1,800.01*	00.00	55.00
2,000.00	"	"
2,200.00	"	"
2,400.01*	"	00.00

Note:

See also notes under VETERANS' WIDOWS WITH DEPENDENTS, all of which, except those pertaining to minor children, apply here.

General Information

(1) Charts figures marked by asterisk (*) end in 1¢ and show exact breaking points of pension payment amounts.

(2) Pension info applies to WW1, WW2 and Korean vets and their widows, where vet had 90 days minimum war service (less if discharged for service-connected disability) and discharge was not dishonorable.

(CONTINUED)

The Legion's Pension Bill — HR 1927

bles that 86-211 has three arbitrary step-downs in the amount of pension payment, as other income is higher. Look, for instance, at the table WIDOWS WITHOUT DEPENDENTS. If her other income goes over \$600 a year, a single widow in this class has her VA pension cut back from \$60 to \$45 a month. (Similar step-downs appear in all the charts). That is a reduction of \$180 a year, where such a slash is nearly a third of her total non-pension income.

This provision is the one that caused the not-uncommon case cited here last month, of a 66-year-old widow in this desperate income bracket who suffered a total loss in income of \$121.20 a year because Congress had voted her an increase in Social Security. Her Social Security income crossed the \$600 break-point. She gained \$58.80 a year in Social Security and lost \$180 a year in VA pension. She had no other source of income, or any choice in the matter. She is not alone in this experience, by a long shot.

In any "step-down" system, these things will always happen at breaking points. The cruel harshness of 86-211 is that it makes breaking points at such pitifully low income levels, so that the loss of income is not only felt, but adds up to a very substantial part of the entire income of a person who is already in desperate straits.

It is a horrible irony when a Social Security increase — politically advertised

as a compassionate step for the needy — has such a result — and it is a cause of suffering no matter the source of income that inflicts the penalty.

There is nothing arbitrary about the Legion's insistence that the step-downs be reduced to two steps instead of three, and that the first step-down occur at an income level considerably higher than in 86-211. Experience with 86-211 cries out for this reform.

Such is the thinking, and the basis of the thinking, and the sort of experience that lies behind the structure of all the Legion's proposed tables.

The entire set of tables, as recommended by the Legion, are reasonable amounts and ceiling levels arrived at:

(a) To overcome the proven hardships of the step-downs and ceilings of 86-211, and

(b) To overcome the miserly "welfare" levels of 86-211, restoring veterans pensions to levels that are proper for a program that recognizes veterans' past services.

VA pensions should not be, and never before were, merely a dole to paupers and indigents.

But the status of 86-211 is admitted, even by its defenders, to be just that — in official testimony.

4. **Deducting unusual expenses.** The Legion knows whereof it speaks when it asks that unusual medical bills and burial costs be deductible from the income that pensioners must report to the

VA. Consider the case of the disabled, jobless Vermont WWI veteran whose wife passed away, and who was receiving a disability pension. Under Public Law 86-211 the Veterans Administration was required to add up \$541.93 insurance benefits he received on his wife's death, and calculate that this would bring him income at a rate over \$1,800 (the 86-211 ceiling for a veteran without dependents), and stop his disability pension as of last September.

Appealing to this magazine in a shaking hand, after being advised by the Vermont Legion Service Officer that that was the law, he said:

"After reading what you said about 86-211 in your February issue I want you to know what happened to me, and you are welcome to it if it will help you in your fight to get it changed. My wife's last illness cost \$700 for hospital, \$330 for doctors, and the burial cost \$400. After spending the \$541.93 life insurance I have \$888.07 debt for my wife's last expenses, and only \$70 a month income since they cut off my VA pension. But they add up the insurance and decide that it was income for me in 1962, and stop my pension, and are not permitted by this cruel law to consider the costs of my wife's illness and death."

Cruel Law

With cases like this, we leave it up to the readers to decide if we are off base in calling 86-211 "cruel" and "harsh," and to decide whether the Legion's bill, HR1927, deserves the all-out support of comrades pledged to "mutual helpfulness."

War Memorial The U.S.S. North Carolina

The U.S.S. *North Carolina*, new in 1941 and at that time the mightiest battleship in the U.S. fleet, has had more than half a million visitors since, on Oct. 14, 1961, she was first dedicated as a permanent war memorial to the dead of WWII, at a special berth off the Cape Fear River in Wilmington, North Carolina.

The big battlewagon served in WW2 from Guadalcanal to Tokyo, earned twelve battle stars. A few years ago the Navy readied to scrap her.

She was "saved from being turned into razor blades" when James Craig, a member of American Legion Post 10, Wilmington, N.C. and a member of station WETC-TV's television staff, started a statewide drive to raise \$315,000 to preserve her as a North Carolina war memorial at her present berth. As a result a U.S.S. *North Carolina Battleship Commission* was established to receive the ship on permanent

loan from the U.S. Navy and maintain it as a memorial.

Craig was fatally injured in an Air Force plane crash in Texas and died on the day the *North Carolina* was opened to the public at her berth just off highways 17, 74 and 76, across the Cape Fear River from downtown Wilmington.

Since the spring of 1962, a 550 car parking lot with a visitor's center, snack bar and gift shop has accommodated the host of visitors who stop to go through the big ship. Today, work continues aboard the Battleship Memorial in its conversion to a museum which will include an honor roll of all of North Carolina's WW2 dead; a roll of schools which contributed 10¢ per pupil to save the ship, and a roll of "Admirals of the North Carolina Navy" who got their "admirals stars" by contributing at least \$100 or collecting at least \$500 for the memorial.

Nothing is sold aboard the ship. Its maintenance and improvement are supported by voluntary donations and an

admission charge of 50¢ for adults and 25¢ for children.

The museum will portray the war in the Pacific, with the roles of each branch of the service being explained for each of the 12 major offensive engagements in which the *North Carolina* took part. All of the main deck areas—including two of the three 16-inch gun turrets — and most of the superstructure — including the bridge, combat information center, flag deck and signal bridge — are open to the public. Children especially like to train the 20 and 40 mm AA guns and inspect the 5-inch and 16-inch turrets. Living quarters and the main mess area have been prepared for exhibit on the second deck.

A permanent crew of 14, under Rear Admiral (Retired) Robert B. Ellis, has been employed by the Battleship Commission to maintain the ship. The ship is open to visitors from 8:30 a.m. until dark seven days a week.

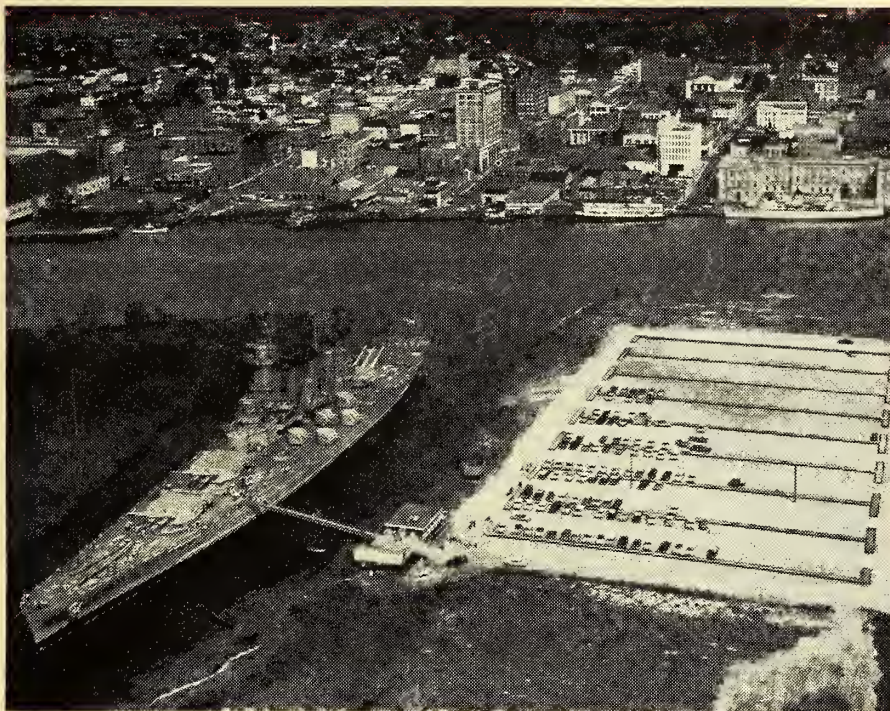
An association of former crew members of the ship has been formed, and

those who once served aboard the ship may get more information about the association from Charles Paty, Jr., 213 Milwood Place, Charlotte, N.C.

At statewide Veterans Day ceremonies aboard the ship, hosted by American Legion Post 10, Wilmington, last Nov. 11, a former skipper of the North Carolina, Admiral O. S. Colclough, was a featured speaker. Colclough, CO of the battlewagon during the battles of Iwo Jima, Luzon and Okinawa, is now provost of George Washington University, and has continued a distinguished public-service career. He has represented the U.S. in Geneva Maritime Law discussions, and since 1953 has been a member of the Atomic Energy Labor-Management relations panel.

A 50-acre state park around the ship is being landscaped.

Address of the administrators of the memorial is: U.S.S. North Carolina Battleship Commission, Wilmington, North Carolina.



The U.S.S. North Carolina of WW2 at her permanent berth in Wilmington, N.C.

President's Message

Three Heroes

Three American servicemen who were lost recently in hot cold-war action were cited by President Kennedy in his State of the Union message in January. The President saluted them by name (a Soldier, an Airman and a Marine) as symbols of the sacrifices made by members of today's Armed Forces.

Here are the three:

Major Rudolph Anderson, United States Air Force, shot down over Cuba on Oct. 27, 1962, while piloting a U-2



Anderson



Pendell

reconnaissance plane on a surveillance mission. Major Anderson was born in Spartansburg, South Carolina. His parents now reside in Greenville, S.C.

Anderson joined the Air Force, Nov. 6, 1951, during the Korean War. His family: wife, Mrs. Jane Anderson and two sons, aged five and three.

Specialist James Allen Johnson, United States Army, killed on November 20, 1962, when his observation post on the northern border of South Korea was attacked by North Koreans. Johnson was born and raised in Paris, Ky., where his parents still live.

Johnson was not yet 19, having been born Jan. 4, 1944, when U.S. troops were slogging up the lower half of the Italian boot in WW2 and had just landed at Saidor, New Guinea, in the Pacific. He joined the Army Oct. 21, 1961.



Johnson

Sgt. Gerald Pendell, United States Marine Corps, killed Oct. 6, 1962 when his helicopter crashed in the mountains of South Viet Nam. He was born in Colchester, Ill., and raised in Macomb, Ill., where his parents now reside.

Pendell joined the Marines, June 4, 1955. His widow, Donna, was left in Macomb with four children, ages 21 months to eight years.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS

The award of a life membership to a Legionnaire by his Post is a testimonial by those who know him best that he has served The American Legion well.

Below are listed some of the previously unpublished life membership Post awards that have been reported to the editors. They are arranged by States or Departments.

Paul K. McGinnis and Joseph Myles Simpson (both 1963), Post 2, Montgomery, Ala.

C. Myrtle Kinsey and Philip Taylor (both 1962), Post 497, Bloomington, Calif.

Mary I. Waters (1962), Post 156, Coral Gables, Fla.

Joel Bragg and John McCreary (both 1962), Post 3, Macon, Ga.

R. C. Anderson and Robert J. Frizol (both 1962), Post 66, DeKalb, Ill.

William E. Bradbury and Loren H. Brigham and Arthur V. Coulter (all 1963), Post 69, Robinson, Ill.

Forrest E. Swanson (1962), Post 136, Monmouth, Ill.

Paul M. Dunn (1962), Post 278, Divernon, Ill.

Henry Sokolowski and Dr. Thomas Tyrrel and John Winkler (all 1962), Post 330, Calumet City, Ill.

William J. Byrnes and William H. Calhoun and Sylvan S. Chase and George J. Chiles (all 1962), Post 348, Chicago, Ill.

William T. Ross (1962), Post 410, Chicago Heights, Ill.

Anton J. Kokaisl and Paul J. Koscielniak and John W. Krzysko and Joseph J. Kubat (all 1959), Post 419, Chicago, Ill.

Roger R. Schnitker (1962), Post 477, Chrisman, Ill.

George Bigger (1962), Post 765, Stronghurst, Ill.

Otto Fikejs and Edward Weinberger (both 1962), Post 805, Chicago, Ill.

B. Berenice Ostell (1962), Post 919, Chicago, Ill.

Christian J. Behnke and Warren L. Stamer (both 1962), Post 1009, Chicago, Ill.

C. C. Niederhauser and A. D. Shultz (both 1960), Post 22, Marion, Kans.

Marion B. Parrish (1963), Post 12, Richmond, Ky.

Byron Cook and Harry V. Davis, Jr. and Walter J. Doerting and Wm. L. Doolan, Jr. (all 1962), Post 15, Louisville, Ky.

Robert L. Keys (1961), Post 203, Covington, Ky.

Perry A. Martin (1962), Post 110, Mt. Rainier, Md.

James C. Barry (1962), Post 26, Charlestown, Mass.

Edward F. Convery (1950) and John F. Bigelow (1958), Post 69, Malden, Mass.

Edgar H. Martin (1962), Post 160, Adams, Mass.

Frank Edward Spayd, Jr. (1962), Post 218, Bellingham, Mass.

Kenneth E. Beaman (1962), Post 238, Shrewsbury, Mass.

G. H. Quinn (1962), Post 106, Grayling, Mich.

Ray Altenberg and C. Oscar Hammond and George R. Simmons (all 1960), Post 147, Northville, Mich.

Oscar Gimmestas (1962), Post 309, Belview, Minn.

J. Emmet Hannon and Wm. L. Higi and Fred W. Jefferson and E. L. Kuchenbecker (all 1962, Post 472, Minneapolis, Minn.)

Hubert B. Brown (1962), Post 78, Slater, Mo.

Thomas A. Anselm (1959) and Lenus P. Boyer (1962), Post 253, Festus, Mo.

Elmer E. Eldredge, Sr. and Roland W. Paige (both 1962), Post 35, Hampton, N. H.

Frank P. H. White (1958), Post 38, Haddonfield, N. J.

Thomas D. L. Menchion (1959), Post 41, Oradell, N. J.

Thomas Duke (1959), Post 369, Oakland, N. J.

James A. Schneider (1962), Post 107, New York, N. Y.

Thomas L. Smith and Leon G. Wartens (both 1963), Post 256, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Harry J. Schiller (1958) and Charles C. Smith (Continued on next page)

Life Memberships (Continued)

and A. S. Stevenson (both 1959), Post 391, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mark T. Lambert, Sr. and Frank J. Moran and Frank G. McGonigle and Leland H. Outwater (all 1961), Post 410, Lockport, N. Y.

Ralph DeMarte and Claude M. Nottingham and George W. Reuning, Sr. (all 1962), Post 702, Wells-ville, N. Y.

Percy A. Blake and William C. Hutchings (both 1961) and Russell F. Lewis and Clarence E. Root (both 1962), Post 734, Attica, N. Y.

Egbert A. Elmore and Carl J. Grabb and Kenneth Graham (all 1962), Post 922, Painted Post, N. Y.

Ernest Senn (1962), Post 1449, Blasdel, N. Y.

Philip Lustig (1963), Post 130, Cleveland, Ohio.

John H. Brighty and Harry Cooper and Vern J. Cory and Wade E. Harroun (all 1962), Post 468, Sylva, Ohio.

George E. Sheets (1962), Post 34, El Reno, Okla.

Orion Reeves and Charles F. Sandt and Raymond P. Shirer and William R. Simmers (all 1962), Post 9, Easton, Pa.

Lester Alberts and Walter Allanmaker and John J. Ambrose and William D. Baxter (all 1963), Post 86, Susquehanna, Pa.

George Rankin and Joseph Welgo, Sr. and Harry Ziegler (all 1961), Post 144, Middleport, Pa.

Robert I. Boose and J. E. Herring and Robert S. Kantner (all 1962), Post 181, Somerset, Pa.

Life Memberships are accepted for publication only on an official form, which we provide. Reports received only from Commander, Adjutant or Finance Officer of Post which awarded the life membership.

They may get form by sending stamped, addressed return envelope to: "L. M. Form, American Legion Magazine, 720 5th Ave., New York 19, N.Y."

On a corner of the return envelope write the number of names you wish to report. No written letter necessary to get forms.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Reunion will be held in month indicated. For particulars, write person whose address is given.

Notices accepted on official form only. For form send stamped, addressed return envelope to O. R. Form, American Legion Magazine, 720 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Notices should be received at least four months before scheduled reunion.

Earliest submissions favored when volume of requests is too great to print all.

ARMY

1st Cavalry Div—(Aug.) Alfred E. Stevens, P.O. Box 11201, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

4th Armored Div.—(Apr.) Ed Rapp, 144-47 72nd Rd., Flushing 67, N.Y.

4th Cavalry—(Aug.) Mike Loberg, Annandale, Minn.

11th Engrs (WW1)—(May) Joseph V. Boyle, 326 York St., Jersey City 2, N.J.

12th Armored Div.—(Aug.) Lawrence E. Mintz, 20020 Snowden Ave., Detroit 35, Mich.

16th Armored Div.—(Aug.) Lester Bennett, 5820 Recamper Dr., Toledo 13, Ohio

29th Div.—(Aug.) B. F. Cassell, 525 Parksley Ave., Baltimore 23, Md.

33rd Div.—(June) William L. Engel, 176 West Adams St., Rm. 1634, Chicago 3, Ill.

42nd Div., Co G, (WW1 & WW2)—(Aug.) Bob Kubik, 4117 N. Catherwood Ave., Indianapolis 26, Ind.

48th Evac Hospital, CBI Vets—(July) Owen D. Sheehan, 1112 Lakeview Terrace, Plainfield, N.J.

69th Div (WW2)—(Aug.) Sol Rosenblitt, 601 Pelham Parkway, Bronx 67, N.Y.

69th Sig Bn.—(July) Selah E. Morey, Rt. 1 Bourbonnais, Ill.

84th Div.—(Aug.) Lee C. Allen, P.O. Box 141, Canton 1, Ohio.

88th Div, MP Co's A & B (WW1)—(Aug.) Albert J. Meyer, Cumberland, Iowa.

91st Chem Mort Co.—(Aug.) Rodney D. Jacobson, R.R. 4, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

99th Div.—(July) James Fennie, 100 Rosary Ave., Lackawanna, N.Y.

102nd Div.—(Aug.) Abe Mitchell, 2 McKay Rd., Bethel, Conn.

103rd Inf Reg't—(Apr.) Louis A. Boulette, 9 Park St., Skowhegan, Maine.

107th Engrs (WW1 & 2)—(Aug.) Edw. C. Vickstrom, 2012 Washington Ave., Ishpeming, Mich.

112th Cavalry—(Aug.) 112th Cavalry Association, P.O. Box 1112, Dallas 21, Texas.

113th Cavalry—(Apr.) George A. Reeve, 4701 Korff Road, S.E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

148th Inf (WW2), Co. K and Hq Co — (June) George Cisinski, 517 N. Buckeye St., Celina, Ohio.

202nd Engrs Combat Bn, Co C—(July) Eldon E. Miller, Box 225, Topeka, Ind.

206th Coast Art'y, AA—(Aug.) Dewey W. Gartrell, P.O. Box 211, Sweet Home, Ark.

209th Field Art'y Bn WWI & 2nd Bn 161st Field Art'y Reg't—(June) Jack K. Embrey, 1717 Poplar St., Winfield, Kans.

210th Gen. Hospital (C.Z.) — (July) Lowell M. Dean, 185 Central Ave., Westerville, Ohio.

303rd Field Art'y Bn—(June) J. W. Redding, 1424 Amy Court, Whiting, Ind.

329th Inf Reg't (WW1)—(Aug.) Leon G. Burson, Milton Center, Ohio.

338th Engrs Reg't (WW2)—(Aug.) Henry F. Allgeier, 3211 Norma Lane, Louisville 20, Ky.

353rd Inf Reg't (WW1)—(Aug.) John C. Hughes, 829 East Ave. B, Hutchinson, Kans.

359th AAA Searchlight Bn — (Aug.) Leon C. Auchenbach, 121 Mayer Ave., Pennside, Reading, Pa.

476th AAA AW Bn—(Aug.) J. C. Perry, 12-21st St. Ct. N.W., Birmingham 15, Ala.

489th Port Bn (Army Transp'n Corps) — (Aug.) Fred C. Mathies, 37 Henderson Ave., Staten Island 1, N.Y.

524th MP Bn—(Aug.) Carl Heimerl, Rubicon, Wis.

742nd MP Bn — (July) Roy L. Maring, Box 61, Moulton, Iowa.

752nd Rwy Op Bn, Co C—(May) Nick Breznay, 2504 30th Ave., N.E., Minneapolis 18, Minn.

830th Engr Aviation Bn—(Aug.) James G. Scott, 341 Northridge Rd., Circleville, Ohio.

1906th Engr Aviat'n Bn, Hq & Service Co's—(July) Edwin Wagner, P.O. Box 185, Marks, Miss.

3875th QM Gas Supply, Co C—(Aug.) Raymond E. Show, 809 Stevens St., Iowa Falls, Iowa.

Americal Ordnance Ass'n—(Aug.) John F. Fuino, 567 Ridgemont Dr., Rochester 15, N.Y.

NAVY

6th Marine Reg't, 97th Co—(June) Donald J. Mills, Rm. 2018, 203 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

12th Defense & AAA Bn, Marines—(Aug.) Joseph P. Urban, 697 S. Franklin St., Palmyra, Pa.

25th Seabees — (Aug.) Clyde F. Sheppard, 565 Thomas St. Extension, Kirwin Heights, Bridgeville, Pa.

43rd Seabees—(Aug.) I. K. Williams, 1005 Scarlet, Seneca, S.C.

71st Seabees—(Aug.) Robert F. Bartzczak, 5117 Indianapolis Blvd., East Chicago, Ind.

91st Seabees — (June) Wm. C. Hoffelder, 5123 Exeter, St. Louis 19, Mo.

Carrier Qualifications Trn'g Unit — (June) E. F. Johnson, 253 So. Highland Ave., Aurora, Ill.

CUB 8 — (June) Ray Porter, 412 S. Broadway, Salem, Ill.

Naval Op Base 157 (Palermo, Sicily)—(June) Anthony G. Sabia, 3100 Edgewood Ave., Parkville 34, Md.

Submarine Vets WW2 (Michigan Vets) — (June) James E. Lewis, 506 Burr Oak St., Albion, Mich.

USS California—(June) Jack Land, 100 Le Havre Circle, Florissant, Mo.

USS Chanticleer (ASR 7)—(Aug.) Paul C. Cottrell, 3706 Walnut Ave., Long Beach 7, Calif.

USS Enterprise — (July) Kenneth Gaebler, 3002 South Shore Dr., Mishawaka, Ind.

USS Gustafson (DE 182)—(Aug.) Donald M. Gladson, 2336 St. Paul St., Indianapolis 3, Ind.

USS Leviathan (WW1)—(Apr.) R. Lincoln Hedlander, Box 22, Cat Rock Rd., Greenwich, Conn.

USS Santa Fe (CL 60)—(Aug.) Dr. G. C. Trimm, 421 Alamo St., Lake Charles, La.

WAVES, WW2, NAS Willow Grove, Pa.—(June) Mrs. Frances Hoxworth Lewis, R.D. 4, Box 291-A, Easton, Pa.

AIR

11th Bomb Grp (H)—(Aug.) Robert E. May, 13000 Eckel Junction Rd., Perrysburg, Ohio.

20th Aero Sqdn—1st Day Bomb Grp—(Aug.) Henry L. McCabe, 450 A San Vincente Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.

325th Fighter Grp—317th, 318th & Hq Sqdns —(June) Stanley L. Wilson, Zelenople, Pa.

388th Bomb Group—(Aug.) Edward J. Huntzinger, 863 Maple St., Perrysburg, Ohio.

507th Fighter Group—(Aug.) D. E. Beck, 15490 Eastwood Dr., Monroe, Mich.

Aero Sqdns 35 & 801—(Aug.) Frank C. Erhardt, 1256 East La Salle Ave., South Bend 17, Ind.

Love Field, Detachment 914th QM Co—(July) L. C. Mosshart, 4205 Morrow, Waco, Tex.

P.O.W.'s, Stalag Luft III—(Apr.) Dave Pollak, Pollak Steel Corp., 10300 Evendale Dr., Cincinnati 15, Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS

Iceland Vets, All services, USO & Red Cross — (Apr.) Dave Zinkoff, 2101 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Of More Than Local Interest

A Michigan American Legion Post has provided an excellent example, on the local level, of the cooperation with educators that was evidenced on the national level last year when the American Legion and the National Education Association jointly produced the teacher's manual *Teaching About Communism—Guidelines for Junior and Senior High School Teachers*.

Frank Wendtland Post 253, Royal Oak, Mich., bought copies of the manual from Legion National Hq and placed them in the hands of the Royal Oak public and parochial school faculties.

School officials were asked to read the manual, and then request any additional books, films, pamphlets, etc., which in their judgment would be valuable for teacher study on the nature of communism.

Four schools in Royal Oak have already made numerous requests for such materials, and as promptly Post 253 has purchased them and donated them to the schools. Members of the Post put their names down as volunteer donors. As requests for books, etc., come in from the schools, the Post orders them. When they arrive, the Legion volunteer donors on the list are notified, and each in turn may pick the book, the price (usually \$2 to \$5) and the school to which he wants his donation to go. It is given in his name as well as the Post's. . . . *Reported by L. Paul Jacobs, Post 253, Royal Oak, Mich.*

The Du Page County (Ill.) American Legion has excited Illinois financial circles with a resolution condemning the use of municipal bonds to finance industrial development. (That is: The floating of tax-exempt municipal bonds for the purpose of buying or improving sites for industry).

The resolution originated in Hinsdale Post 256.

Private investment interests in Illinois cheer the resolution, as they view this form of borrowing as direct government competition with the private investment business.

The Du Page County Legionnaires spell out even deeper dangers to fundamental concepts which they feel are inherent in this use of the governmental borrowing privileges.

Chicago Tribune financial commentator William Clark noted in a full column on Jan. 11, the "interesting" participation of the Du Page County Legion in what had been pretty much a private war in financial circles. . . . *Reported by Michael Tymusz, Post 47, Chicago.*

VICE, CRIME AND MARIJUANA

(Continued from page 13)

Both the Bureau of Narcotics and the police of big cities testify that the peddling of marijuana "reefers" has been stepped up alarmingly in recent years. So has the incidence of juvenile delinquency grown at an alarming rate in recent years. How much marijuana has to do with this latter development it is next to impossible to establish, for reasons to be explained later. But that it is playing a part in it is scarcely to be doubted.

Shame is one of the first inhibiting forces to be jettisoned by women who trifle with cannabis, according to the police and medical authorities in those countries where widespread use of cannabis is a problem. So it is, according to one Brazilian writer on the subject, that no respectable woman ever touches the stuff. "For if she does," he wrote, "she is not respectable long."

In Chinese Turkistan, where half a century ago this writer got his elementary education in the ways of cannabis smoking and eating, the arrival of visitors in a mountain village is the occasion for a *meshirep* or entertainment. A substantial feast is arranged, preceded by a musical number, and the equivalent of a cocktail party. The village girls assemble at one end of the headman's living room, pound their tambourines, and sing, rather dolefully. All the other village men and women sit cross-legged around the padded walls. When the girls have tuned up, the host begins putting into circulation little containers of a dark paste known as *mayjen*. As it is passed along, each man unlimbers his sheath knife, digs out a bit of the paste, and eats it. This paste is a mixture of powdered *bhang* (alias hashish or marijuana), brown sugar and herbs. The purpose of this substitute for the cocktail is to make everyone cheerfully talkative. Except for one young fellow who was led out in what seemed to be a state of hysterical merriment, it seemed to do no more than that.

This writer observed, however, that the women all passed the little *mayjen* containers along without sampling them, and that it was not offered to the singing girls. When asked about this the next day, my host said: "No Turki women but harlots use *bhang*. When one of our women takes to it, she is soon every man's woman."

Those who have read up on cannabis elsewhere may feel that the foregoing is contrary to the oft-reiterated statement that cannabis is not an aphrodisiac. It's true that cannabis is not an aphrodisiac and does not stimulate the sexual urge. But it does wipe out those inhibiting influences under which that urge is kept under control by civilized people.

A few years ago, the New York and New Jersey police went to work on a clique of young people who were holding marijuana revels on Staten Island and in adjacent New Jersey communities. It appeared that young fellows were seducing girls with the help of marijuana cigarettes, at parties which became promiscuous sex orgies. Two of these girls, arrested during a raid on such a festivity, were asked why they smoked "reefers." Their reply was, "Because it makes us feel sexy." This was not an accurate appraisal of the effect of the drug. All it did for them was to release their normal "sexy" urges from all the controls that they had been brought up to impose upon them. Thus, released from such checks as shame and fear of consequences, they were free to go sex wild. How much of this we owe to our Latin neighbors who keep us supplied with our hashish, who knows?

Insane crimes of violence brought on by over-indulgence in cannabis are not so common; but when they do occur they are humdingers. Early in February, 1914, after crossing the Gobi Desert from northwest China, this writer entered the big Hami oasis in Chinese Turkistan and found the community agog about a ghastly crime. It was perpetrated by a normally meek and gentle Turki who herded a few sheep not far from the commercial community. With the New Year festival near, he had come into town to try to sell a couple of fat sheep to a butcher of his acquaintance. There he was immediately cajoled into a *bhang* smoking party. The calabash water pipe went round and round, and the shepherd, who had never smoked the stuff before, became loquacious to the point of hilarity. Around the shop were hung legs and quarters of sheep and cattle. These seemed to fascinate him, and he made incoherent remarks about them. Finally the butcher, seeing that his guest had had more than enough, led him outside and urged him to go home. When the shepherd had returned to his own abode, his wife was abroad; but his 16-year-old daughter met him in the doorway. He pushed her back, drew a knife and cut her throat. He then proceeded to cut her up, as he would an animal, and to strew her members about the shack.

When his wife returned and viewed the horrible scene she ran screaming to the neighbors, who disarmed the mad shepherd and dragged him off to town. He was soon sober enough to explain to the authorities that he had mistaken his daughter for a hog and had cut her up with the idea of having a New Year pork feast. Nothing could have done him less good than this explanation; for the idea

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of a Moslem craving pork was almost as disgusting a thought as his terrible crime. He had been executed the day before I arrived, and, for the time being, *bhong* smoking was certainly in bad odor.

Another story of an insane illusion came from Brazil in an official report only four or five years ago. A heavy cannabis smoker had gone to a railway station to meet a friend. He was thoroughly doped before he went there. As he stood on the station platform a train pulled in and stopped. Passengers began descending the steps of the car. The cannabis smoker got it into his befuddled head that what he saw was a hostile mob charging him, to do him in.

For some unexplained reason he carried a revolver. This he drew, and fired six shots at the descending passengers. What the casualties were, and what was done with the dope-crazed madman did not appear in the report. But that does not detract from the fact that where cannabis is available to the mentally unsound, such things can happen.

Next comes consideration of a really serious current problem — the effect of marijuana on the vision of the driver of a vehicle in our modern traffic, or upon his judgment of what he sees. There are differences of opinion about almost everything pertaining to marijuana, but there seems to be no doubt in any competent observer's mind that a few "reefers" can seriously affect any man's judgment of time and distance.

Now I must tell another story; one about my introduction to this problem. Once upon a time I stood in the doorway of my inn in Turfan. That city is reputed to be the hottest in Central Asia because it is surrounded by red hot deserts and

is several hundred feet below sea level. This was near midsummer, so most of the population had taken shelter indoors. My old innkeeper and I were commenting on the heat. There was no traffic on the town's main street except for a few pedestrians hugging the shade of the buildings.

Then, as we watched, down the street came a lone horseman at an easy lope. He bowed to us from the saddle, and then, a second later, came a near tragedy. Three men, whom we had not noticed, emerged from an adjacent doorway, and just as the horseman was saluting us, one of the three, an elderly man, started to dash across the road. He was, of course, ridden down, but was not seriously hurt. As the rider came back to protest that he could not possibly have avoided the jay-walker, and as numerous persons were putting the latter on his feet and dusting him off, we got the explanation from the injured man.

First, he and his friends had just emerged from a *bhong* smoking party. Of course he had looked up the street before trying to cross it. Of course he had seen the horseman coming; but he had been coming very, very slowly, and was at least 50 paces up the street when the *bhong* smoker had made his dash. There was naturally much discussion of this among those who had assembled; and it was from this that this writer learned for the first time how cannabis can play the deuce with one's estimates of time and distance. So it is easy to see how "reefer" smoking may, and probably does, play a part in many traffic accidents caused by some fellow's inexplicably careless driving. In all such cases the police are on the alert for evi-

dence that the careless one had been drinking too much. This is not very difficult these days, and cases of persons charged with reckless driving while "under the influence" are proved. But how often do we hear of a man being charged with responsibility for a traffic accident while under the influence of marijuana? Or for that matter, how often do we read that a man caught redhanded in a crime of violence, or that a juvenile delinquent picked up in a gang-war killing, was under the influence of marijuana? This writer has never seen such a news item, and he doubts that they appear.

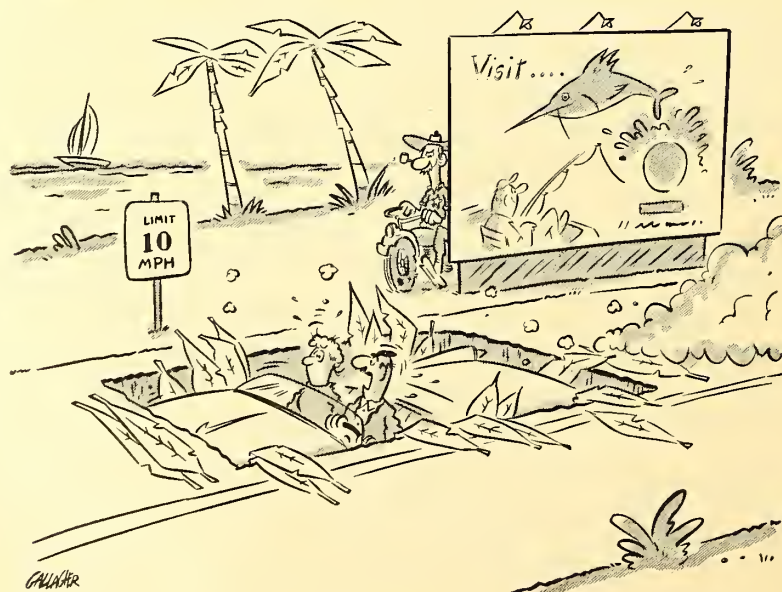
The reason for this is very simply explained. Unlike a drunk, the guilty survivor of a traffic accident who has been a heavy smoker of "reefers" is likely to walk steadily and talk coherently. Furthermore, and most important of all, it cannot be detected on his breath or in his blood. No test has yet been devised by the medical fraternity to prove that a trouble-maker had been doped with cannabis. Even if he has a "reefer" or so on his person, the police cannot prove that he has been smoking any.

This being the frustrating situation of those who would like to hold our consumption of hashish responsible for its share in our troubles, the reader might be interested in knowing where marijuana stands legally.

First of all, be it known that the smoking of marijuana is not, in itself, a violation of any law. Eating it, as they do in many parts of Asia, is not yet popular among our demoralized elements, nor is drinking infusions of it, as is done in India, popular. But such indulgences would be no more illegal than "reefer" smoking, anyway.

What is punishable under the Federal Marijuana Tax Act of 1937, or under the various State laws, is the unlawful acquiring, possession or sale of it. Since no person is registered under the Federal Act at this time to produce marijuana in the United States, substantially all the hashish available to the underworld in this country is smuggled in from abroad — and most of it from Mexico. Relatively trifling quantities of cannabis can be, and are, legally imported for medical and scientific experimentation. Though vague hope persists that cannabis may prove to be an antibiotic, few medical men are interested. The World Health Organization, in 1952, reported that the use of cannabis in medicine was virtually obsolete, and that its continued use was no longer justified. A few decades ago cannabis appeared in the United States Pharmacopeia as a source of drugs used in American medical practice. It will not be found in current editions of that work.

This did not, of course, put a ban upon cannabis in American practice, but



"Speedtrap!"

it coincided with the consensus of medical opinion in the United States, and it simply is not readily available from pharmaceutical outlets.

The penalties for unlawful acquiring or sale, under the above-mentioned Tax Act of 1937, as amended, are surprisingly heavy. The mandatory sentences for unlawful sale are not less than five years, nor more than 20 years for the first offense; nor less than ten years, nor more than 40 years for the second. These penalties are surprising because the law was enacted at a time when many small medical groups and individuals were busy giving marijuana a thorough white-washing. Their confreres and other interested persons were led to believe that the smoking of a little hemp at a social gathering was no more pernicious than the dispensation of a little hard cider at a husking bee.

One of the extenuating claims for the innocence of marijuana was that use of it did not result in "addiction." The meaning of this is that a person might smoke or eat cannabis for an unlimited time, and yet, when deprived of it, have no craving for it. This is not unchallenged, but it is so generally true that nothing is to be gained by quibbling over it. Yet, as a British Indian Army surgeon protested to this writer in Singapore many years ago, there is only too often a mental condition, as a result of prolonged over-indulgence in cannabis, which is an even more serious disability than a true addict's craving for a drug. The commonest result is loss of memory.

This took the writer back to another of his memories of *bhāng* in Chinese Turkistan. It was in Urumchi, the capital of that Chinese province of Sinkiang, (meaning, believe it or not, the New Frontier).

I was taking a stroll one midsummer day along the main thoroughfare of the big Moslem suburb of Urumchi (Tihua, to the Chinese), when I met an amiable young Turki whom I had not seen for some weeks. When I demanded to know where he had been hiding he explained that he and a couple of friends had been on a hunting trip in the hills. While I was being regaled with an account of the trip, another well-dressed young Turki came shuffling slowly towards us, and my friend stopped his recital to stare at him. He might have been good-looking if he had had a trace of expression on his face, but he was staring blankly ahead of him with no more showing of human intelligence on his features than one might expect from a man in a trance. He would have made his way past us if my young friend had not caught his arm, swung him around and hailed him by name. He did then put on an expression of hopeless puzzlement, mumbled incoherently, and dropped his eyes. He did not move, but just stood

with sagging shoulders as though waiting for us to do something with him, or to him.

After some hesitation my friend took from a pocket under his broad brocade sash one of those little metal boxes of *mayjem* which the elegant ones carry to offer one another, as Mongols offer each other their snuff bottles. He opened the lid with a knife, dug it into the paste, and produced a small-sized pill on the tip of it, which he proffered to the stupid one, who took the knife, put the tip in his mouth, swallowed what was on it, and handed it back. We waited what seemed to me some very long minutes. Then the light of intelligence began to dawn on his vapid face. After another long minute my friend said sharply: "Who are you?"

With a sheepish look the other murmured: "My name is Aziz . . . and you are Ibrahim Akhum, my good friend." He looked at me, raised his brows, as he realized for the first time that I was a foreigner, and gave me a stiff little bow. When he finally announced that he was going home, and Ibrahim was sure that he was fit to go, a few bows ended the episode, and he was off down the street at a good clip.

"His father is wealthy," Ibrahim explained. "He owns hundreds of camels. Aziz keeps his books, but he smokes *bhāng* all day and half the night; he rarely leaves home, but when he does and is too long abroad, this is what happens. He forgets his name and where he lives, and recognizes nobody. There are others like him here in Urumchi."

In the foregoing this writer certainly has not provided a complete catalogue of all the demoralizing effects that cannabis, hashish, *bhāng*, or marijuana can have upon the human mind and character. He would have to go to Egypt, or Syria, to Turkey, or India to learn all the reasons why governments detest it and fight it.

Although hemp has been grown throughout Europe for something like 2,000 years as a valuable source of fiber and oil, and although the use of hashish has been unfavorably known in adjacent parts of Asia for at least 1,000 years, the use of cannabis as a narcotic did not cross the Hellespont until shortly before marijuana was inflicted upon us. Then it was brought into Greece by soldiers returning from Turkey.

In Greece it is regarded as no light burden on society. Much has been published by both official and medical authorities about the association of hashish with crime, with citations of cases running into the hundreds. Here, the growing use of the stuff is only 30 years old and in the estimation of most of our people, who learn next to nothing from the news about its potentialities, its major purpose is to develop gaiety at the parties

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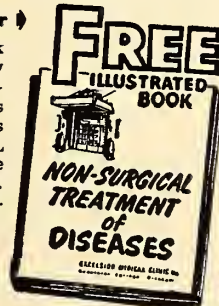
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of the glamorous. That there is a market for it among juvenile delinquents has not yet sunk into the national consciousness. Only recently, the New York police gave some publicity to the vigorous campaign they are conducting against the peddlers of "reefers" — marijuana cigarettes — to high school and college students. This they have found has reached the status of big business.

Nor have the police much knowledge that it is contributing to sexual debauchery among young women. So far as we know, no underworld boss has yet aspired to be a Hassam ben Sabbah and to turn young marijuana-bribed assassins loose on us. But there is nothing in the history of the stuff to persuade us that that isn't in the offing. Our medical folk haven't yet come up with a formula by which we can put responsibility for a traffic accident on a marijuana smoker, but that does not rule out the great likelihood that "reefers" play a part in such crashes.

In short, the public is not yet awake to the fact that those who smuggle marijuana into this country from Mexico, and then peddle it in our big cities, with ever-heavier pressure on the school-age market, are guilty of a serious assault upon the nation's morale.

The penalties imposed in 1937, and the strengthening of the penalties by the Federal and State governments since then, do say all of that. But it is a notorious fact in the legal world that police, prosecutors, judges and juries are never keen on convictions which call for heavy penalties, while public opinion continues to look on the offenses so heavily penalized as rather picayune doings. Here remember prohibition!

The reader may by now be curious to know how this poisonous stuff is prepared for export to us. It is very simple. Any Mexican peon who can grow a little hemp can prepare marketable marijuana. The leaves and flowers are dried and ground. The resultant particles are then put through a sieve. The coarse stuff is

then ground and sifted again, and the fine-grained quantity is ready to be packaged and smuggled across the Rio Grande to underworld operators who make the "reefers" and distribute them to the pushers. "Reefer" peddlers get anywhere from a quarter to a dollar each for them.

It is because of this traffic that we no longer grow hemp for those industries that use the fiber and hempseed oil. Such cultivation is subject to permits, and the harvesting and marketing of hemp is subject to so many checks that, in normal times, the farmer who once grew it as freely as he did wheat or potatoes will not bother with it. But there is a demand for it. The fiber has many familiar uses, and the oil goes into soaps, paints, linoleum and other products. So it was that during World War II, when virtually all shipping was serving our armed forces, the importation of foreign hemp and oil came to a standstill, and prices rose sufficiently to make it worth while in a half-dozen States to struggle with the formalities and grow hemp again. But after the war, when foreign fiber and oil began coming in again at low prices, hemp production in the United States fell off once more. During recent years not a single acre of hemp has been grown in this country under the Marijuana Tax Act.

This does not mean that hemp has vanished utterly from the American landscape. Clumps of wild hemp may be encountered almost anywhere. All big birds are fond of the seeds; and some small animals, like flying squirrels and chipmunks, add them to their winter stores, losing some by the way. Every year New York City's police turn out for their autumn hemp harvest, cutting all they find growing in vacant lots and on uncultivated land in the outlying boroughs. Their haul is always surprisingly large, amounting to some hundreds of pounds. If all State authorities were equally assiduous, it would probably be found that there is enough wild hemp in

the country to make a huge number of "reefers." The best reason why it doesn't happen is that the average dope pusher probably would not know a hemp plant from a cabbage. But that may not always be true.

Finally, there is little point in using so many words to establish that marijuana is just as dangerous a drug in the United States as hashish has long been known to be in Asia, unless one can suggest ways of checking its distribution and discouraging its use.

To begin with, it must be said that there can be no overnight solution of this problem. There must, first of all, be nation-wide appreciation of its seriousness. Heavy penalties play their discouraging part when they are imposed. But they are not imposed unless public opinion insists that the police deliver culprits in court, and unless the courts are convinced that public opinion favors the imposition of heavy sentences.

Public awareness of marijuana as a subverter of morals and morale is therefore the first essential condition to a solution of the American hashish problem. To this the press can contribute enormously by taking seriously every criminal case in which marijuana plays a part, and by encouraging the police to expose more such cases.

It would help if the silly Mexican word "marijuana" were gradually abandoned, if hashish were substituted for it, and if newspaper readers were, as often as possible, reminded that "assassin" means hashish. Then, too, the medical fraternity could perform a great service by taking a new look at the physical and psychological effects of cannabis on body and mind, and giving some publicity to its findings.

Last but not least, state and local school authorities should go into action to convince all students that marijuana, alias hashish, the "assassin's" dope, is an abominable drug. Then we would be making a start on the solution of our hashish problem.

THE END

THE FUNNY SIDE OF SPRING TRAINING

(Continued from page 19)

he could catch a baseball thrown from an airplane. Stengel and several of his teammates didn't think he could and, on the next afternoon, hired a plane and bet against their manager. Robinson made the catch — circling under the ball as it dropped from approximately 400 feet. But it didn't turn out exactly as he had expected. Someone (many people think it was Stengel) had substituted a juicy grapefruit for the baseball and Robinson almost drowned making the catch.

Most of the time it was the rookie, not the manager, who played the foil for the veterans' spring pranks. Hundreds of rookies have prowled around woods late

at night, banging blocks together and hunting for the elusive snipe. Others have spent hours trying to locate keys to the pitcher's box or a few dozen feet of shore line. For the rookies of the early 1900s, spring training could be a nightmare, and George Herman Ruth was no exception. "I was 19 and I was the proudest, greenest kid in the country," said Ruth about his rookie year. "I'll never forget the ride to the station the day I left Baltimore and the orphanage. The whole thing seemed like a dream to me. There were other players on the railroad platform — players who knew each other well and talked and walked

with great confidence. Few of them paid any attention to me. But that didn't matter. The important thing was that I was going to spring training camp, and going on a train. I couldn't sleep all night, wondering what it'd be like in the morning and all the days and months after that. There was another reason I couldn't sleep. One of the older players, a catcher named Ben Egan, had easily talked me into one of the oldest gags in baseball. He told me, as dumb rookies before me and after me have been told, that the little clothes hammock that reached from one end of the berth was put there for me to rest my pitching arm. I held my

arm up in this uncomfortable position all night, because more than anything I wanted to act like a pro. The train pulled into Fayetteville, N.C. (site of the training camp) early the next morning with the first spring training injury of the year. A rookie named Ruth had a cramped and sore pitching arm, thanks to the rest he had given it."

One of the wildest teams in baseball history was the St. Louis Cardinals of the 1930s, nicknamed the Gas House Gang. They played hard and they clowned hard, and their king was a zany, hillbilly pitcher called Dizzy Dean. From his first spring training, he was almost everyone's favorite. To each sportswriter in his first camp, he gave a different birth date and birth place. Accused of lying, he explained: "Hell, I wasn't lyin'. I was just helpin' those writer fellas out. Them ain't lies — them's scoops." One afternoon in his first spring training in 1930, Dean sat on the bench as the Cardinals played the great Philadelphia Athletics and said, loud enough for everyone to hear, "What a bunch of bums! I wisht I was throwin' against 'em." Gabby Street, manager of the Cardinals, never did appreciate brash rookies and he decided it was time to teach Dean a lesson. When the A's filled the bases with no one out, Street told Dean, then only 19, to go in and pitch. Dean obeyed — and struck out Al Simmons, Jimmy Foxx, and Mickey Cochrane in that order retiring the side.

Another spring, Dean arrived at the Cardinals' camp in Bradenton, Fla., broke and decided he had to get some money. One afternoon he got an idea — he made a deal with an aviator to advertise that Dizzy Dean would parachute from his plane the next Sunday and they would split the proceeds. He never did get to jump — but only because the Cardinal front office found out about his plan and gave him an advance on his salary. When he tired of clowning alone, he frequently joined teammate Pepper Martin in tossing water out of hotel windows, riding in fire engines, and racing midget autos. "I did some pretty crazy things in my day," says Stengel, "but those Cardinals in spring training had everybody beat. The Yankees, well, they were different. After Ruth, they didn't raise too much hell."

Yet even the Yankees had their spring-training camp characters. A shy, silent young man, rookie outfielder Joe DiMaggio had said not more than a few words to teammates Frank Crosetti and Tony Lazzeri during their entire cross country drive from San Francisco to the Yankees' Florida camp in the spring of 1936. Finally, he was introduced to the rest of the Yankee veterans in the dressing room. Everyone had heard of DiMaggio and almost everyone tried to make him feel welcome. The one exception was

pitcher Red Ruffing, a needler who believed a rookie should be neither seen nor heard. He took one look at DiMaggio's outstretched hand, snarled, "So this is the great DiMaggio?" and turned away. Fortunately for the Yankees, DiMaggio recovered, but, even as an established star, he always remained quietly aloof from admiring rookies.

The war years brought drastic changes both to baseball and to spring training. In 1943, Joseph B. Eastman, director of wartime transportation, asked Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, commissioner of baseball, to ban training from California and Florida because of troop transportation problems. Landis agreed and, in 1943-44-45, the training camps were restricted to north of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers and east of the Mississippi, except for the two St. Louis teams which trained in Missouri. Spring training remained a funny, but not so sunny time of the year for baseball players. The new camps were set up in Bear Mountain, Asbury Park, Atlantic City, Evansville, French Lick, and other snow-swept northern cities. The training certainly wasn't the same, but then again neither were the players.

In 1944, a rookie approached Chicago Cub manager Charley Grimm before a spring practice session. "I'm 4F," said the kid. "I can hit better than Ted Williams, throw harder than Dizzy Dean, play the outfield better than Joe DiMaggio, and, if you need me, I can coach, too."

"You must be some kind of a nut," said Grimm.

"That's right," said the rookie. "That's why I'm 4F."

Once the war ended, baseball returned to normal, but spring training began to change. The move was back to Florida and the sunshine, but the philosophy was away from the sprawling, informal camps of the 1930s and early 1940s. The trend suddenly was toward a monolith camp where an organization brought all its players — major league and minor league — into one city. The biggest and the best of these camps was Branch Rickey's innovation called Dodgertown at Vero Beach. Set up in 1949, it housed in its first spring 425 players from 23 teams, 17 umpires, 17 ground keepers, five trainers, and four doctors. For the first time, baseball rookies were treated like college freshmen and given detailed questionnaires to fill out. Unfortunately, some of Brooklyn's rookies in 1949 apparently weren't ready for high school.

Question: "What is the state of your health?"

One answer: "Pennsylvania."

Question: "How did you go last year?"

One answer: "By train. Buses make me sick."

Stengel was another baseball man who changed the face of spring training. A

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delightfully impractical ballplayer, he was a thoroughly practical manager when he joined the Yankees in 1949. Modeling his camp somewhat along the lines of Dodgertown, he went one step further — setting up rookie camps and special classes before the veterans arrived in Florida. It paid off almost immediately (some products: Mickey Mantle, Tony Kubek, Gil McDougald, and Tom Tresh). Other managers were less practical and less successful. Among their innovations: track stars (Harrison Dillard and Leslie MacMitchell) to teach players how to run, football coaches (Notre Dame's Terry Brennan) to condition them, and sharpshooters to improve their vision.

Yet the spring trainings of the 1950s weren't all work and no play. Yankee righthander Don Larsen, the only man ever to pitch a perfect game in the World Series, was convinced he could find a laugh anywhere and wrecked his car against an unbending palm tree one spring night in pursuit of his ideal. Brooklyn's Billy Loes, since traded several times, was one of baseball's original thinkers. "Why should I try to win 20 games?" he told a group of writers one spring. "If you win 20 once, then you got to win 20 all the time. It's easier to win 14 all the time and everybody's happy." And Warren Spahn and Lew Burdette would have been a good match even with Stengel in his prime, in the wet towels and water pistols departments.

One of the writers' favorite ballplayers was Billy Martin, the Yankees' cocky, little hell-raiser who left New York when the management felt he was leading Mickey Mantle astray. Never a great ballplayer, Martin was the last to admit his inadequacies. Four springs ago he sat on a bench in a Lakeland, Fla., locker room, drinking beer and talking about his favorite character — Billy Martin.

"Ted Williams was a great ballplayer, right?" he asked a group of writers.

"Right," chorused the writers.

"Could he hit better than me?" asked Martin.

"Yes."

"Could he field better than me?"

"No."

"Could he run better than me?"

"No."

"Could he throw better than me?"

"No."

"Well if Williams was great," said Martin, grinning, "what does that make me?"

In every spring training, there are the rookie sensations who have six-week tours of glory, then spend the rest of their lives wondering what happened to them. Perhaps the most tragic was Clint Hartung, the Hondo Hurricane who was going to hit 70 home runs, pitch 45 victories, and win the pennant for the New York Giants in 1947. Like most spring

sensations, Hartung proved a dismal disappointment, returning year after year only to be reminded of his previous failures. One spring, Bill Roeder, a fine, young baseball writer traveling with the Giants, wrote a moving piece about the faded phenomenon, standing alone and depressed in front of a pinball machine, while his teammates mingled together and joked. The story was so good that each paper (belonging to the syndicate) held off using it until the Giants played in their town. In each city, Dallas, San Antonio, and Houston, Hartung picked up his morning paper and read the same story about himself under Bill Roeder's byline. Finally, after the sixth day, Hartung exploded. He cornered Roeder, grabbed him by the lapels, and shouted, "Look, when the hell you going to stop writing the same story about me every day?" Another tragic, though comical case was the small-town bonus boy who came to Baltimore's spring training a few years ago only to discover he had a mental block against pitching in front of big crowds.

For the most part however, today's ballplayer is less tragic than Hartung, less colorful than Dean, and less amusing than Stengel. Today's rookies are not

sent out looking for snipes, and many of them even know the correct state of their health. "I heard from my father that spring training used to be a little wild," said New York Yankee Rookie of 1962, Tom Tresh, whose father Mike caught for the White Sox and Indians in the 1940s. "With the Yankees, it's different. It's like belonging to the best fraternity on campus. You get the feeling that you belong to the greatest team in the world. When Mickey Mantle and Whitey Ford go out of their way to be nice to a rookie, the rookie isn't about to forget it."

Yet baseball today, fortunately, still does have its characters. Frank Thomas of the New York Mets still bets teammates he can catch barehanded any ball they throw, and writer-righthander Jim Brosnan of the Cincinnati Reds still takes notes in the bullpen for his latest book. But king of the kooks is pitcher Bo Belinsky of the Los Angeles Angels. An unheralded rookie, he arrived nine days late for spring training last year, immediately called his own press conference at poolside at the Palm Springs camp, explained that he was delayed by a pool tournament, and immediately demanded a raise. Los Angeles general manager Fred Haney, a master prankster in his own right, was stunned. "This kid's got to be crazy," said Haney. "If he doesn't like what we're giving him, he can go home and shoot pool." Belinsky, who wears monogrammed undershorts and \$100 sport jackets, and dates showgirls and actresses, stayed and contributed heavily to one of the most comical training camps in years.

Even the Los Angeles front office got into the act. For each Angel, the management provided a new bicycle with the player's name on it, for transportation from the hotel to the ballpark.

"I'd better be careful," said owner-cowboy Gene Autry, climbing on his racer, "or I'll get bucked off."

"Hey, fat boy," pitcher Ted Bowsfield shouted to 240-pound first-baseman Steve Bilko, "you need a bicycle built for two."

As expected, Belinsky had the last word. "That Haney, he thinks of everything," said Belinsky. "He'd do anything to save bus fare."

As long as there are Belinskys — and the supply seems endless — spring training will continue to be the sunny, funny side of baseball. "Sure, a player's got to take his baseball serious," said Stengel, who did not have many laughs managing the feeble New York Mets in 1962. "But he can't be so serious all the time. If you don't have time to laugh and clown around a little, you're missing out on everything. Baseball can be pretty damn dull if you don't know how to laugh."

THE END

a Prayer

FOR MARCH

By National Chaplain

Rabbi Albert M. Shulman

Temple Beth-El

South Bend, Indiana

Religion is a matter of awareness. We are aware of our spiritual obligations to God. We are aware of our civil responsibilities to our country. We are aware of our moral responsibilities to life. And we are aware of our human responsibilities to our fellow men.

This is our heritage as human beings. . . . To serve our fellow men in every field of endeavor. This is our heritage as free men. . . . To use our many gifts to build a better community and a stronger nation.

Dedicated to such an ideal as exemplified in the aims of our American Legion, we can only be grateful for the many blessings we enjoy as free men living in a free society.

Amen.

Personal

INFORMATION THAT CAN HELP YOU WITH EVERYDAY PROBLEMS

Once more your everyday life may benefit from the competitive churning of industry. Pretty soon you're going to see:

- **Stainless steel safety razor blades:** The Gillette, Pal, and Gem brands are scheduled to appear in a much tougher version sometime this year. A big reason for the trend to stainless steel is an English company — Wilkinson sword and tool — which was swamped with orders when it began marketing a 15¢ blade good for about ten shaves. Now United States makers are going to follow suit.

- **Glued-in auto windows:** Traditionally, the windshield and rear window of your car are held in place by a gasket and sealants. Now the big car makers are going to "glue" them in with a new adhesive which saves up to \$4 per installation, also gives better protection against water.

★ ★ ★

If your wages — or costs — are affected in any way by the unions, here's a roadmap for the upcoming months:

- Over 3 million employees (out of a total of 5 million covered in major contracts) will get **automatic pay hikes averaging around 7¢ an hr.**

- About 1.2 million employees will figure in contract expirations. Over 100 agreements run out this year in such key industries as telephones, rubber, transportation, and electrical manufacturing. Guesses now are the settlements will be in the 8¢ an hr. class.

- Meantime the steel contract, covering about a half-million workers, is due for reopening on May 1. A lot of fingers are crossed on this one.

It isn't money alone, though, that's the big issue in 1963. **Job security** now ranks alongside cash.

★ ★ ★

Car thefts are on the increase. In fact, the number of cars whisked off might well double in the next couple of years, insurance authorities warn. Note these two main points:

- **Around 90% of stolen cars are unlocked.** Many have the keys handily in the ignition switch.

- **About 65% of thefts are by teenagers.**

Since the teenage population is on the verge of an enormous boom, the careless car owner is in for some real headaches. His odds will be particularly bad on the Pacific Coast and in Texas (where one out of four stolen cars is transported to Mexico).

Incidentally, remember this about your theft insurance: If your car permanently disappears, you get its value as of the time of the theft; if it turns up at a later date, but the insurance company already has paid off, you can keep the money and the insurance company gets the car; if it turns up before the payoff, damaged, the insurance company adjusts for the damage.

Don't be surprised if some of your favorite companies report suspiciously low profits hereafter. They may have scaled them down intentionally for tax reasons. Paradoxically, you stand to gain from this if you're a stockholder.

New laws allow many companies to subtract much more liberally from profits for the "depreciation" of their equipment. Obvious result: Lower reported profits.

Yet, actually, the company is in better shape because 1) it keeps the "depreciation" writeoff in the cash box, and 2) it shells out fewer tax dollars to Uncle Sam. To show you the true picture, more and more corporations now indicate "cash flow" on their income statements. This item is a combination of "depreciation" money and net profits after taxes. It's the figure that matters, because it shows how well-heeled a company really is.

★ ★ ★

Every owner of a portable power tool swears he is master of the machine. Yet banged-up fingers (or worse) continue to attest to carelessness. Here are minimum safety rules:

Always work with plenty of **light**; keep your equipment in **good repair**; be sure to **ground** it; **don't overload** it; and don't forget to **disconnect** the power supply when changing drills and blades or unclogging.

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THE GIDEONS AND THEIR BIBLES

(Continued from page 23)

"How did you know there was a Bible on the desk?" the man finally asked.

"Never mind — just read as I direct."

Across the miles which separated them, the minister suggested portions of the scripture which would prove helpful.

The sequel, as well as the story itself, is on record in the Gideon files. The man read the passages suggested, and went home to his family, sober. Through letters he continues to keep in touch with the minister and he is no longer a compulsive drinker.

While the minister would know about the presence of the Bible and certainly approve of the society responsible for placing it there, he himself could not be a member. For though the Gideon Society is frankly Protestant and Evangelistic, it is interdenominational, and the inclusion of ministers might suggest to some the possibility of an attempt to spread an individual church's belief.

The Gideon Society has no crash program for enlistment, seeking neither large numbers nor great publicity. According to their own statement, they recruit "Men who are spiritually mature, who are meeting the public in pursuit of their daily occupations, who have a measure of independence in the use of their time, who have a measure of financial independence, and who think and act administratively." The applicant must be a member in good standing of his church and have the recommendation of his minister.

If accepted, he joins a local group called a "Camp." There are more than 800 of these Camps in the United States, with additional hundreds scattered all over the world. Gideon Camps see that Bibles are distributed in their own locality.

After experimenting with various translations, the Gideons settled upon the King James Version. These are printed by the National Bible Press in Philadelphia at a cost of slightly more than one dollar each. On the cover is imprinted the Gideon insignia, the pitcher with the protruding flame.

The Gideons are always pleased to know that a great many ordinary people, harboring no desperate problems, also turn to the Bible they find in their rooms.

"I picked up the Bible out of sheer boredom," one man relates. "There was simply no other reading material at hand." It had been years since he had read the Bible and now he was amazed to find how much it interested him. He read on and on. Finally he looked at his watch. Two o'clock, and he was still reading.

"I had forgotten, if I ever knew," he said, "how magnificent the Bible is. If for no other reason, it should be read

and reread as an example of some of the finest literature the world has ever produced."

That reader made another point. The Bible, he felt, like most other great books, is more meaningful when read with a background of adult knowledge and experience. One thing he did question, however, was the lack of a concordance. The Gideons have an explanation for this omission. By and large, their readers are not Bible scholars. A con-



"... But I like instant coffee."

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

cordance would serve only to baffle them if, indeed, they knew what they were looking for in the first place.

Instead, there are suggested readings, giving chapter and verse, together with the page on which they may be found, telling what the Bible says about God and Man, Heaven and Hell, Faith and Life, and Christ and his life and work. One of these readings is the best known verse in the Bible, John 3:16, which the Gideon Bible has translated into 22 of the important languages understood by three-quarters of the world's population.

The Bible draws no division line of faith or creed in offering comfort in time of need. A young Jewish woman states that she had taken her mother to a hospital for tests to determine a possible malignancy. Worried and distraught, she checked in at a hotel to await the report on the tests, due the following morning.

Once there, she picked up a Gideon Bible lying on the table. The first verse her eye fell upon was that beautiful one from Psalms 121. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my strength. My strength cometh from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth."

She read on and on — the ancient, beautiful poetry of the Psalmist, the magnificent, singing words of the prophet Isaiah.

"By and by I was calm," she said. "I went to bed, and to sleep. It occurred to me to wonder how many others in this small hotel, concerned as I was, were also drawing comfort as I did. It was a kind of miracle that the Bible should be there at a time when it was so much needed."

The Gideons, being businessmen, and as such, eminently practical, have no intention of leaving the distribution of Bibles to miracles or happenstance. These books arrive at their appointed place according to a well worked out plan — conceived, financed and executed by the organization. Nothing, except the reading of course, is left to chance.

Individual membership dues — \$15 a year — are used to maintain the central office in Chicago. The Camps responsible for placing Bibles in their own territory can do so only as they themselves raise funds for this purpose. For the most part, this money comes from voluntary gifts, with churches contributing the greater share.

Once a year Gideons appear in the local Protestant pulpits in order to give an account of the work accomplished. After this report, an offering is taken to be used in future work. Actually, although each Camp is self-sustaining, the money so collected is sent to the headquarters office in Chicago, with the local Camp receiving credit. Fifty-seven percent of this money is for local use; 30 percent goes to the foreign program; 3 percent is used for administration; 10 percent is earmarked for providing servicemen with testaments.

Once the money is collected, the Gideons go about the business of Bible distribution.

In the early days, a few hotel managers objected rather vigorously to placing Bibles in hotel rooms. They maintained that hotels were not religious institutions, but catered to all who came, irrespective of their beliefs. However, this hostility long since has disappeared. Recently, when a large hotel was built in Chicago, the local Camp found itself without sufficient funds to order Bibles for each room. The manager, when told of the situation, sent a check for \$500 to help out on the enterprise.

"I believe it's good business to have Bibles in hotel rooms," he explained.

Perhaps the following incident, related by a hotel manager, might explain the reason for this attitude.

A man appeared at a hotel desk, ready to check out. He hesitated, and then finally blurted out his story. Broke and

desperate, he was without money either on his person or in the bank with which to pay for his room. Finally he had decided the only way to meet the situation was to forge a check. Having made the decision, he reached into the desk in his room for a pen with which to write. And there, lying in plain sight, was a Gideon Bible.

"Suddenly I realized the real nature of the thing I was about to do," he said. "I have come to tell you I do not have the money, but if you will permit me to go home, I'll mail you the amount of my bill as soon as I am able."

Since the story seemed genuine, the manager agreed to give the man a chance. Eventually, the bill was paid.

Occasionally, someone asks if it is possible to buy the particular Bible which was instrumental in changing his life. Such requests are always refused, no matter how real and touching the request. Gideon Bibles are simply not for sale. Not all hotel guests are honest enough to ask; now and then a Bible is stolen. In a novel, popular some years ago, one of the characters walked off with the Bible in her room. Apparently her conscience gave her no trouble. There are, however, letters on record in the Gideon office from people who, having stolen a Bible, wish to make restitution.

One woman wrote, "I was in a cheap hotel. I had sat there for hours, planning to end it all. Then I saw the Gideon Bible and began to read. I read the rest of the night. I have a confession to make. When I checked out the next day I couldn't leave that Bible. I deliberately stole it. So please accept the enclosed check for \$100."

Such conscience offerings, although seldom this large, and always infrequent, are accepted gratefully, as are other contributions from people not hounded by a sense of guilt.

One of the amazing aspects of the travel world in the last decades has been the spectacular growth of motels and motor inns. During the past ten years alone, the number has increased by approximately 20,000. (From 42,000 to 62,000). This does not include new rooms or units added to those already existing, in themselves presenting a figure estimated to be about 41,000 yearly. And the head of a large motel association foresees an additional 12,000 motels before 1970.

Naturally, the Gideons do not neglect so great an opportunity. They are right there with Bibles for every room of each new motel, calling this their "front line ministry." These Bibles are presented in a formal dedication ceremony before the official motel opening, with the manager and personnel, together with local Gideons, in attendance.

Motel managers welcome the Gideon

Bible. One large chain has ordered that it be placed on the bedside table rather than in the dresser drawer in order that it will be more easily accessible to guests. Perhaps, in part, this eager acceptance is due to the fact that in the early days of their existence, motels achieved an ill-deserved reputation for being sin-spots. Today, with every man and his devoted family on the road and using motels freely, the stigma has ceased to exist.

With Americans traveling everywhere, it was only logical that the work of the Gideons be extended to include countries all over the world. As in the United States, each foreign Camp is composed of businessmen from that particular area. While they are helped in their organization by the Gideons of the United States, once in existence these foreign Camps work as individual units. And what a set of problems some of them must face.

There are Camps in Formosa, sitting in the very shadow of Communist China; in Hong Kong, crossroad of the world; in West Berlin, overlooking the Wall; in strife-torn South Africa; in Brazil, Japan has them, and Greece. Crete, where according to St. Paul, Titus had been left "... to set in order the things that are wanting," has a Camp. To paraphrase, though you take the wings of the dove and fly to the utmost ends of the earth, there too will be a Gideon Bible. Among them, these International Camps have distributed more than 715,000 Bibles and 2,000,000 testaments.

These testaments are, for the most part, published in the language of the country where each is distributed, and, insofar as is possible, by the Bible Association of that country. The Bibles designated for hotels patronized by English-speaking tourists are in that language.

In one of the world's trouble spots, Saigon, in Vietnam, there is a Gideon Camp with two English-speaking members, one of them the secretary. This group has distributed more than 10,000 copies of the New Testament, a record for such a small Camp. Perhaps they are driven by a special urgency, feeling as they do the hot breath of the communists breathing down their necks.

One Gideon points out an interesting fact in this connection.

In theory, he says, it is possible to assume that all United States contacts would be broken with a country — ambassadors sent home; missionaries driven out; American servicemen and businessmen, together with their families, evacuated; Peace Corps asked to leave — and we would still have one means of contact. Namely, the Gideons. Native businessmen, they would remain, liaison agents in a spot where they could well prove vital to our interests.

Guests in hotel and motel rooms,

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while often in need of help and consolation, are still not as badly off as are people in some other situations. Prisoners, for instance. Realizing this fact, the Gideons have extended their ministry to include jails and penal institutions. In a Cook County jail, 1,700 Bibles were placed by the Chicago-West Camp. An inmate, doing five years for robbery, was so affected by reading one of them that he was paroled for good behavior and now is a useful and respected citizen of his community. According to his statement, in his own unit alone more than 200 Bibles were read with resultant desirable changes in the readers.

Hospitals are also a natural place for Bibles, housing as they do a great number of people in need of help and comfort. Again, there are hundreds of letters on file testifying to their effectiveness.

Hospital Bibles are of two sorts. The regular Bible is placed in reception rooms, while a special New Testament containing the Psalms is placed in the hospital rooms. This is larger than the regular testament, thinner in format with bigger type, making it easier to handle and to read. Bound in red, it has a bright and cheerful appearance.

Bibles are also placed in physicians waiting rooms. The receptionist in one office decided to find out whether the Bible was read. She found that 11 out of 26 patients read it in one day; during the week, 119 made use of it.

The wives of Gideons have their own auxiliary. Their special service consists in providing testaments for nurses upon the occasion of their graduation. Bound

in white, these Bibles bear the Florence Nightingale Pledge printed on the inside cover. Of course, no nurse is urged to accept this testament if it is not her wish to do so. However, most of them seem to welcome the gift.

Naturally, no nurse would force a patient to listen to scripture against his will. But even so, countless numbers write of the help they have been able to give by means of these testaments. Reports come from around the world — from Japan, Australia and India; from Uruguay, Singapore and Alaska. These range from stories of patients lifted out of mild depression to tales of aid given to patients who appeared desperate enough to harm themselves.

One issue of the Gideon Magazine carried a most impressive picture of a class of African nurses, just graduated from a hospital in Southern Rhodesia, with each nurse holding the white testament presented her by the women's auxiliary of the local Gideon Camp.

The Bible does, indeed, speak a universal language, cutting across the boundaries of creed and race. A native of Pakistan, a Parsi Zoroastrian, wrote that he had read the Bible for inspiration and encouragement, even though he himself was not a Christian. And where did he find his copy? In his stateroom on the *Queen Mary*. For the Gideon Bible does go down to the sea in ships, just as it cuts through the heavens in planes and whirls across the face of the earth in trains.

In April of 1941, eight months before Pearl Harbor, the Gideons expanded

their services to include the presentation of New Testaments (with the Psalms and Proverbs added) to men and women in the armed forces. Later that same year, the women's auxiliary added nurses in the service to their list. With the beginning of World War II, the Gideons adopted this slogan, "Arm them with the Bible, too."

This program continues. Each day Gideons go to induction centers to make their presentation. These testaments are not urged on anyone, yet one Gideon says that in five years he has had only one or two inductees refuse the gift.

Last November, when the Constellation carrying 74 young draftees crashed over Virginia in one of the worst air disasters in military history, 22 of them were young men from Paterson, N. J. Each carried a service testament presented him by the local Passaic County Gideon Camp. When, 19 days later, the next contingent of Paterson draftees departed, this time by train, the local Gideons were on hand again to present each young man with his testament.

John Glenn, father of the astronaut, is himself a Gideon. Just before his son's historic flight into space, the Camp of which Glenn, Sr., is a member naturally planned to treat the young man just as they would any other local lad going into the service of his country.

However, in recognition of the somewhat special nature of Col. John Glenn's service, they did not give the customary testament. Instead, they presented him with a special edition, leather bound, Gideon Bible.

THE END

PUBLIC RELATIONS RUSSIAN STYLE

(Continued from page 15)

public relations experience, I arrived in the U.S.S.R. last summer with a special sensitivity to communist propaganda techniques. I came on an Eisenhower Exchange Fellowship, traveled widely and talked with people on an open and frank basis.

The average Soviet citizen, I found, is covered in every walk of life with a blanket of propaganda aimed at controlling his thoughts and spurring him to act along acceptable party lines. Even Westerners who find themselves without newspapers and two-sided comment for a few weeks begin to lose contact with reality. Nor is it simply a matter of broadcast and publication techniques. On the job, the Soviet worker is besieged by factory committees and all sorts of devices to boost productivity and make him happy with his lot. If he goes to a movie or participates in any kind of public gathering, similar treatment is dished out. And obviously, the schools, shops and other community facilities are likewise oper-

ated to get maximum indoctrination of the individual.

Everywhere you go in Russia, on statues and on posters, "Big Brother" — Lenin himself — is seen. (An occasional picture of Marx also appears, but Stalin has just about vanished except in his native Georgia.) Lenin is not portrayed as a warm-hearted, friendly leader by any means. The portrayal is cold, hard, tough-looking; it implies that here is a man who not only *knows* the way people should travel, but is *warning them* of the consequences if they don't.

The communist propaganda approach brings these old phrases to a Westerner's mind — bread and circuses and pie in the sky. The Kremlin seems to be dishing out a little of the first, a lot of the second and great gobs of the third. Whatever is lacking today is promised in abundance in the future.

Communist propagandists engage not so much in the "big lie" technique as in the "big whitewash." No matter how foul a deed they perpetrate, it is always

whitewashed "right." Yet, as an old public relations axiom holds, "You can't whitewash a manure heap." And on more than one occasion — the Hungarian massacre, for instance — the stench has been getting through even to the Russian people.

How far the propaganda machine goes in achieving impact shows up in such small things as the ashtray in a room in the Moskva Hotel in Kiev, which was cunningly contrived into the shape of a white dove of peace. And postage stamps cover the whole gamut of impressions from Russia's space exploits to pictures of black, yellow and white boys locking hands in smiling union. Such incidentals remind you forcefully of the extent to which a sleeping free world has allowed the communists to appropriate and merchandise the meaningful symbols of peace and friendship. The calculated attempt to deceive by these approaches is pointed up most simply by their bare-faced application of the phrase

"People's Democracy" to some of history's worse tyrannies, such as Red China and East Germany.

One of the unusual aspects of the communists' closed-information system is a remarkable absence of public tension over the latest world emergency or news development. People in Western capitals, including Europe, are kept much more on the edge of their seat through wide-open news reporting which occasionally magnifies a story.

There is no question but that communist propagandists do everything possible to promote Western fears, hesitation and self-doubts. These play directly into the Kremlin's hands. Conversely, when we act with strength and resolution, the communists have proven again and again that they will stand aside. The outcome of the Cuban crisis obviously left no reason for changing this impression which I brought with me out of the U.S.S.R.

Since the Russian people get only the news their government wants to give them, interpreted the way their government wants it interpreted, popular pressure to alter government decisions based on knowledge of both sides of an issue becomes almost impossible, even if the system allowed it. Any opposition to a government decision is interpreted as opposition to the Party itself — and there is no worse crime in the communist lexicon.

I asked Russians I met the all-important question of what degree of freedom they have from police pressure and interference with daily life. The answer was almost always the same: "Things were bad in Stalin's time but Beria and his secret police are now gone. Those days are over and past."

Upon first hearing such responses, I thought the Russians were purposely trying to deceive me. I came to feel, however, that many sincerely believe this. It seems that as long as the ordinary guy accepts his role in the communist scheme of things and doesn't try to rock the boat or change things internally, he is left alone. Woe unto him who tries to express contrary opinions, though!

A refugee Russian told me in West Europe that his people are in the position of a man who has been knocked down by a bully, beaten half dead, then lies with a knife pressing against his chest. "Would you argue with the brute under such conditions? No you would not! You would simply try to stay alive. You would lie quietly with closed eyes, trying to regain your strength against the time when you can make a supreme effort and shake the brute off."

Small wonder that few in Russia, except top officials, will make an independent decision or state a personal conclusion! A favorite rejoinder to a

delicate question by a lesser official is, "You'll find the answer in the Communist Party's Program."

The crackdown on opposing views and imaginative thinking has produced an embarrassing sterility in art. A Polish architect pointed out to me that most Russian building is still following a style which passed out of fashion in the West in the 1920's "And no one anywhere is particularly interested in copying the muscled, strident, graceless sculpture you see here," he added.

What about writing? More than one told me that the officially discredited, now-deceased Pasternak with his "Dr. Zhivago," has become the greatest hero of all to Soviet writers. Journalists and others who are pressured into conforming rigidly to the communist line produce little of value unless they have courage enough to revolt against the bludgeon of thought control. One Soviet official joked about this situation in these terms: "We tell our writers, 'Here we have given you a fine house, a car, good income. Where is the book! Why don't you write?'"

Apparently it had not occurred to this official that great writing takes great motivation—a clash of ideas, the stimulation of opposition as well as attraction. In Russia, the picture people get of the world has no depth. Creativity cannot flourish in this climate.

Traveling alone in the Soviet Union, as this reporter did, one continually comes up against instances which cast doubt on the effectiveness of communist propaganda among the people themselves.

"All these flags and posters and statues and broadcasts don't make any impression any more; most people don't even see them," remarked an East European who has worked in Moscow off and on for the past 30 years. He went on to explain that with continual propaganda messages beating on their senses, individuals go to two extremes—either succumbing wholly, as most probably do, or becoming blasé and rejecting everything, as an increasing number do.

Living in Russia, in other words, is like living in a steel drum, with someone hammering on the lid. You either go crazy or become stone deaf.

"Do you really believe America wants to start a war as your government says?" I asked.

"No, of course not," was the invariable reply.

And even though they raised frequent points blaming the United States for world troubles, they were not swallowing the "warmonger" label.

Still, a common reaction I received from even highly placed, presumably informed officials on such subjects as Berlin, Cuba, Laos and Hungary was

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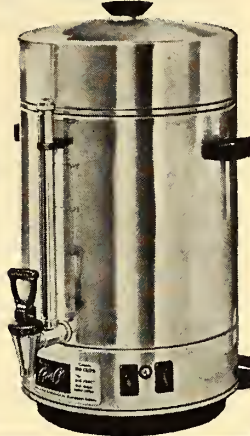
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Are the reds even using the Russian people themselves as a tool in the propaganda war? As late as 1958, any individual visiting Russia was almost a rarity. Then Intourist blossomed forth as the "Agency for Foreign Travel in the U.S.S.R.," and 10,000 Americans toured the country in 1962. Why did the Kremlin decide to let outsiders in at all?

The answer seems to lie first in Russia's need for foreign exchange reserves to buy essential industrial and military items obtainable only outside the Soviet bloc. Yet the communists also may have been counting on the fact that the friendly Americans would fall in love with the equally friendly Russian people and go home with a big soft spot in their hearts (or in their heads), thinking the people are a reflection of their leaders.

Intourist guides themselves are in business to promote their product — Russia and communism — and discussions with them, as with the real Party members who number some ten million and make up about 4 percent of the U.S.S.R.'s population, are empty and sterile. It is always surprising to find that two guides' answers to a question will be practically the same in places 1,000 miles apart. If you ask about their attitude toward Stalin, for instance, you get this: "Well, he made a few mistakes when he got older, but he really did a lot of good." (Such as murdering millions of peasants who resisted collectivization?)

Intourist's guided trips always skirt the seamy side of Russian life. The agency apparently supposes that the ordinary traveler will succumb to the comforts of his hotel, food and drinks and carefully arranged trips to museums, monuments, parks and theaters, and not venture out on his own.

"You feel after a while that you've passed through here on a cloud," one complained after ten days on the Intourist circuit. "Suddenly it's departure time and you abruptly realize you haven't really *met* anyone and don't have the faintest idea what the people are like, what they're thinking or how they live."

Russia is almost impossible for an outsider to assess intelligently, not only because of the thick layer of propaganda on everything but also because of these staggering contradictions in Soviet life:

... The ordinary people you meet bear no resemblance whatever to the flinty hardness and stone-wall unreasonableness of Russian diplomats and communist officials.

... While Khrushchev talks of vast growth and economic achievements, the elderly dress in rags, people wait in long lines to buy food at exorbitant prices, and shacks sprawl behind the towering apartment blocks in the big cities.

... While the Kremlin talks of peace

and friendship, Red Army soldiers appear on every hand, atomic tests continue in disdainful profusion and rocket threats are waved like clubs over the world's head.

... While communist propagandists preach principles of self-rule and freedom for nations, Moscow gives aid to communist revolutionaries and subversive movements around the globe.

Since communists have indicated that



Asia and Africa are primary targets for conquest, race relations loom large in the propaganda war. Thus, they have set up the Patrice Lumumba University in Moscow especially to serve (and indoctrinate) African students. The 40,000-student Moscow University is also crammed with students from around the world. And even though colored students maintain they are subjected to many kinds of racial discrimination by Russians, the communists never intimate there is anything but full racial equality in the U.S.S.R.

Personal contacts with Arabs, Asians and Africans during a year of travel have convinced me that no people as a nation will consciously choose communism as their way of life. Even the newest countries and most naïve of peoples now recognize this as a vicious brand of foreign domination. Communism apparently triumphs only where there are impossible class and economic conditions (which makes Latin America such a dangerous breeding ground) or where a nation is so new and politically weak that it cannot cope with an internal revolutionary movement by a handful of armed communists.

Significantly, communism has never been sold internally as anything other than another form of Russian patriotism. The Party-line has been intimately bound up with the Russian's great love of country. Only the gullible of other lands (except Red China and Yugoslavia) continue to believe that communism has some world-wide appeal or significance other than as a tool for Russian conquest of their countries. In Kiev, a woman who had been a Red Army soldier during the long siege of Leningrad told me with intense fervor and shining eyes of the "great goals" of communism and how she and millions of other Russians like her had fought and worked hard to attain these goals. It was only then I realized the extent to which the Russian

people were interpreting the suffering and deprivation of World War II as part of the cause of communism. The Kremlin obviously encourages this.

The world's young people are a primary target of Kremlin propagandists. I got a clear idea of communist techniques used in courting the young while visiting in Helsinki last July at the time the Party-sponsored World Youth Festival was being held there. This meeting was rigged as one of the recurring platforms at which students are drowned with a deluge of anti-American, anti-freedom hate propaganda.

But such a meeting is only part of the picture, as I was later to find out by coincidence in Tbilisi, when I attended a colorful performance by Greek and Georgian dance groups. The Greek students were returning to Cyprus after attending the Helsinki Festival. Their performance, the high point of which was a United States-style harmonizing trio, was preceded by a one hour harangue on what had been picked up at Helsinki. They promised to deliver the message to Cyprus.

By sheer coincidence, I ran into a Rumanian dance group in Kiev a week later, with identical results. Presumably, virtually every national communist group at the Helsinki meeting was going home to conduct a similar follow-up campaign among young people.

The free world cannot lightly dismiss the combined impact of meetings such as this. It is a three-part affair — the preparatory drumbeating in every country, the event itself with its new platform for world reporters, and the follow-up back home again. A lot of it is pure "corn" but I couldn't help asking myself: What is the free world doing to beat the communists in this decisive battle for the world's young?

A dominant trait among communists is the confidence they always express in their own victory. The notorious "we will bury you" phrase by Khrushchev is typical of these outbursts. Many strike you as stereotyped assertions uttered much as a child recites a poem. Like many successful politicians elsewhere, communist propagandists "never defend, never retreat, never apologize." They contend communism is the great wave of the future, and apparently have at least most of their own subjects believing it.

Yet the wave of the future is neither communism nor capitalism nor any other *ism*. It is youth itself. Whatever philosophy or way of life wins the allegiance of youth will win, period.

The Russian's outlook on the world is gradually being broadened through a surprisingly large number of holes in the Iron Curtain. For instance, while newsstands have no independent Western newspapers for sale, the made-in-America "Worker" is available, and I

found many Russians digging a surprising amount of information out from under its overlay of Party-line distortion. Many Western broadcasts are also getting through, despite massive radio jamming by the Russians. Communist jamming seems to have become capricious in fact, now allowing much to get through, even newscasts. The line is drawn on news interpretation, however.

There are also growing exchanges of information under official agreements; the third United States-U.S.S.R. two-year exchange program for information and educational and professional groups was initiated in early 1962. One of the items first sent to Russia under this program was increased numbers of the United States Information Agency's monthly magazine, *Amerika*; originally sent to Russia on an exchange basis in the late 1950's. The 60,000 copies of this are snapped up by Russians as soon as they hit the newsstands (though many copies evidently never get into public circulation). People seem to read it and pass each copy on to many others.

Communication between peoples requires a common language, of course, and not too many Americans or others speak Russian. Communists have found it essential, however, that key people learn English in order to follow Western technical achievements and adapt them to Russian economic needs. People in every field seem to get the important Western technical literature. These exchanges have thus become a major channel for opening the eyes of the Russian people to life beyond the wall.

There are those who believe that the world tide is against communism and the communists know it. India has learned an unforgettable lesson about communist tactics from Red China. Arabs are finally equating communism with internal subversion. African nations, which were supposed to drop like ripe plums into Russia's hands, have amazingly stiffened. And in Europe, these same persons say, the Common Market's rising wave of prosperity has communism reeling on the defensive all along the Iron Curtain.

"All over the world people are rising to their feet," one of Tito's officials told me in Belgrade, in an unbeatable crystallization of the primary human drive of our time.

Yet the reds are smart enough to continue to huff and bluff and demand and extort to get their way by every means in their psychological warfare book.

Sadly, Westerners are often stampeded by these tactics. In fact, Americans as a whole seem to be "running too scared." We have been assailed by so much sniping from our allies, criticism from the new nations and condemnation from communists that we hardly seem to understand any more the justice and overwhelming strength in our position. This

is a ridiculous posture for a great people with great responsibilities — and the power to carry these out. We should start using that power with the confidence called for by our maturity and the merit of our cause. Russia for one will have more respect for us once we do so.

I came out of Russia into the clear, refreshing air of Scandinavia with the conviction that if the world can hold the line against red aggression for another ten years, while making the most of the most potent psychological weapon in freedom's arsenal — freedom itself — the battle for peace will be won. Given time, the fermenting process so evident today among Russia's young and educated people will gradually open up the country to outside influence, and force the Russian rulers to turn from outward expansion toward internal development of their land and living standards.

There are countless ways for us to hurry this process of opening up the Soviet's self-imposed Iron Curtain on information, some of which are evident from this account of experiences in Russia. But the biggest need of all may lie inside ourselves. The cause of freedom could well use some crusading zeal.

The world's atmosphere is today poisoned not only by radioactive fallout from continued atomic bomb tests, but also by an outpouring of hate from communist propaganda mills. One type of fallout kills the body's cells; the other type kills the body's soul. An American encounters this in a general climate of suspicion and fear wherever he goes overseas. Because the world's people evidently feel an overwhelming frustration in persuading the Kremlin to come to terms on cold war issues, many pick up the communist line and turn on the United States.

That much of the world does not detect and act on the differences between the fraud in communism and the timeless greatness of freedom must surely rank as one of the sorriest mysteries of our time. America is a nation which is famous around the world for its development of sales, advertising and public relations techniques, yet we have demonstrably failed to sell the most saleable and significant product ever developed — human freedom.

Why can't we get across the basic truths that count?

In Washington, leaders of our information and psychological warfare activities say the reason for our failure is that these activities have not been given enough emphasis or money; others will tell you that these same leaders are not making the most of the resources they already have. Mr. Kennedy and Congress may be able to correct the first deficiency, but the second is another story.

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of strategy and tactics in selling, we are falling short mainly because we have become too polished, too sophisticated and too institutionalized in our approach — too remote from the memories of our forefathers' own struggle against tyranny and too remote from the grassroot realities of the present struggle between freedom and communism. Perhaps we do indeed need a little more of the World War I-type of drumbeating and spirited dedication to shake off our apathy. Perhaps all of us, and our leaders especially,

could use a bit more old-fashioned faith in freedom's convictions, the courage to uphold them, and patriotic support for the country that shields them — for people everywhere.

When the Kremlin wages its war of nerves and blathers of the inevitability of victory, we must recognize that this is aimed at terrifying the immature on the one hand, and propping up the communists' own confidence on the other. People of all races who know, are daily reaffirming their belief in the age-old

longing of men for freedom from political tyranny, dictatorial action and thought control.

This is the kind of freedom that really counts. This is what the foreign people I met want to hear America shout about — not our scented soap, ranch houses and shiny cars. Freedom is the common ground on which all peoples of all races can stand in mutual respect and understanding, and make common cause. It's the tidal wave of tomorrow. Let's ride it to a better world.

THE END

MIRACLE AT GUADALCANAL

(Continued from page 17)

had come through Navy Intelligence. The *Enterprise* was under orders to augment the strength of the besieged island with her hard-hitting Navy squadrons of fighters and torpedo bombers. But the *Enterprise*, some 250 to 300 miles away, did not know the desperate plight of the aviators at Henderson Field or of their futile attempts to stop *Hiei*, the Jap battlewagon, from making repairs and blowing them and their planes to bits. A miracle was in the making, a miracle stemming from a fortuitous series of coincidences.

On board the big carrier nine TBF's of Squadron V10, and six Wildcat fighters were ordered to take off and land at Henderson Field "to ease operations on the damaged ship." No rescue force, they were dispatched simply because *Enterprise's* forward elevator was out of order. The nine Grumman TBF Avengers, pregnant with torpedoes the carrier crew had loaded during the night, skirted the bases of scattered clouds and flew close formation at 1200 feet. Squadron leader of the nine torpedo planes, Lt. Albert P. Coffin, USN, believed in flying close support among his planes. He wanted the man flying wing on him so blasted close that it looked as if his prop would chew off an aileron.

The squadron of "Pickle Pushers" had been in the air for some time and gradually the shadowy outlines of Guadalcanal loomed on the horizon, a blue gray blur against the sea. And beyond it, thunderheads towered far into the sky.

"Scoofer" Coffin glanced at the photostat on the chart board resting on his knee. From the map he knew he could fly around either end of the island; he would not risk plowing through those rain-filled clouds covering the mountain peaks. He decided to take the western approach.

Only that morning Comdr. John Crommelin, one of the Navy's outstanding aces, had said as Scoofer clambered into his cockpit, "Why don't you approach around the west end? You might see something interesting around The Slot."

Now Scoofer glanced at his dash clock; 10:30 a.m., the morning of November 13, 1942. What was going on down on Guadalcanal, he thought? What sort of service would they provide for his Pickle Pushers? What about all this fox-hole business? What would Marine chow be like? What in hell were the Japs doing in the jungles of that dark, rugged 90-mile island anyway?

The Buzzard Brigade flew close formation, skirting to the west of the island, and went through tendrils of clouds which floated out from hidden peaks and wet the blue wings and left streamers of water on the plexiglass hoods of the torpedo bombers. Cape Esperance came into sight up ahead. Savo Island — but what was that? Gun flashes near Savo? That meant a naval engagement out there! Coffin looked around for his fighter escort, but it had become separated from the TBF's and wasn't in sight. Quick! Up behind the clouds! Natural cover, the only possible move for the slow TBF's until the entire picture of what lay ahead crystallized.

"Bandits below on the surface!" Scoofer spoke incisively on the interplane radio.

Now a thin, misty cloud cover surrounded them. The island-studded ocean stood dimly exposed to the pilots. Scoofer Coffin saw ships, and his heart sank as he recognized their silhouettes.

Before him lay a heart-rending sight: three U.S. warships, crippled but standing their ground, dead in the water just off Henderson Field, wounded but patiently waiting. North of Savo, her great batteries already belching flame and smoke, a damaged Kongo class Jap battleship (*Hiei*) probing for anything in reach. She was guarded by four destroyers and leader, or light cruiser and she was under slow way toward Henderson field!

"No airfield or planes can survive a 15-inch bombardment," Scoofer muttered to himself. He began to curse, hating himself and the impotence of the defenders against such Japanese might. Why hadn't Navy Intelligence warned him of the enemy force in the Slot! The

tactical situation was not mentioned on the morning dope sheet. What was the true picture? Apparently either the action of the previous night was unknown to *Enterprise*, or they had received word after Scoofer led his Buzzard Brigade away under radio silence.

One thing was crystal clear now — the battlewagon must be blasted! There were no dive bombers to prepare the way. There was still no sign of his fighter cover. The nine torpedo planes would have to bore in and depend on surprise to stop that Jap ship.

"Goddam them!" Scoofer swore under his fierce blond mustache. Searching the skies, he found nothing but clouds. That, at least, was good. He inhaled deeply, cupped the little black mike in a number ten hand, flipped the radio switches and calmly said, "Tiger from Mopper Leader — we're taking the big one, Moppers. Let's go!"

Tiger Thompson, executive officer of the squadron, knew what that meant. Months of training with emphasis on air discipline was going to pay off now. This was the moment the Moppers had been praying for. This was it!

Scoofer couldn't see whether the other planes pulled away from him in the clouds to follow Tiger. He couldn't see if the remaining four were close in on his tail. In fact, he did not question if the other planes were going to follow him down. He took it for granted. His pilots, his planes — this was how he had trained the squadron, and this was zero hour! 11:20 a.m.

When Coffin broke out beneath the clouds he felt naked and defenseless in the sunshine. Speed would help, as much speed as he could muster. He rubbed the smooth ball of the throttle with his palm as he turned and dove downward. He flipped the radio switch and called his radioman, "This is going to be rough, Kraft. Keep your eyes peeled for Zeros!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" his radioman answered, sounding cheerful even with his voice flattened out by the earphones.

Scoofer thought about the radioman and the gunner, riding down without being able to see what was going on,

cooped up back there and going down into action. He knew he should say something to them, a word of encouragement or cheer. But he could think of nothing more timeless than, "Well, hold your hats, kids!" And suddenly his mouth was dry.

The Jap battleship grew and grew. He realized when she had spotted him because her guns opened up with flak and secondaries, and the surrounding tin cans began to wheel in circles around her, throwing up their AA in giant black puffs.

The anti-aircraft grew worse. "They're accurate," Scoofer muttered to himself as the TBF bounced around. "This isn't like rough air but as if some goddam hand is trying to slap you down out of the sky!"

His Avenger was diving now in a hurry, and Scoofer was kicking her all around. Then he saw the long barrels of the main forward battery start probing for them. They rose menacingly up in the cutout slits of the turrets, and for a second he gazed in awed fascination at their slow, sure, inevitable climb.

"Jesus Christ!" he said aloud, "are they going to let go with those at us?"

And then he was staring right down the muzzles of the main battery. The things looked as big as rain barrels and suddenly they jerked back and a yellow and black mottled flash of smoke obscured them. A miss!

Now Scoofer was almost at the level of the big ship and flattened out. The Buzzards were down just above the sea, hugging the water for their torpedo run. Without realizing it, Scoofer looked back over his shoulder. Shells the size of nail kegs were bursting behind him as they struck the sea. He was, for a moment, astonished at the sheer immensity of what the jokers were trying to do. Shooting battlewagon guns at planes! He thought of numbers — those big guns could carry about 15 miles. The projectiles weighed nearly a ton. They had enough explosives in them to demolish a three-story brick building and six out-houses. "And all at us!" Scoofer marveled.

It was almost time to straighten his run now. Soon it would be time — it was that time now! No more weaving and dodging. Just level her so the tin fish would have a chance to run true. But slow her down! Too fast yet. Take this speed off her or you'll never launch your fish right — it'll go straight down and blow a hole in the bottom, or it'll bounce and go off God knows where. Damn it, slow down, level off, come in straight and steady now . . .

He saw the big ship lean on her bilges to meet his attack. That was okay. Everybody couldn't get a good shot. But she was turning into Tiger's division that way, coming as they were through

a rain shower. Somebody would surely get a hit.

Coffin throttled down and dropped his wheels to brake. He could feel the soft but urgent deceleration. He opened his bomb bay doors and she surged again. Close aboard now! It felt uncomfortable and slow, and he could see the muzzles of those guns spitting, with hundreds of little ones flaming constantly, as they poured hot lead at the Moppers.

Now he was right on. The ship turned hard to avoid him, narrow bow on. With sudden calm Scoofer figured the angle, time of run, course and speed of the target. He eased a bit more left rudder, let her settle down, and pulled the release. At once all Moppers dropped their fish. The timing was right!

It felt as though they had suddenly flown into clean air without any glue in it. Bomb bay doors swung shut. The palms of the pilots' hands rocked on throttle balls until they pressed against the firewalls even as their right hands and both feet were busy weaving and dodging. Evasive tactics. Up with the landing gear. No use looking back. Just get the hell out of there. Get out in a hurry and hope to Christ everyone gets out! Bend that throttle!

From another world and a long time afterward came the voice of his radio-man in his ears: "I think you got 'er, Captain! I think you got 'er! Hit her right in the arse!"

Then the voice said, "Kee-rist! Look at it!" His voice sounded choked because he was lying flat on his belly in the tunnel, peering through a little window. "There's the other division now, Captain. They're on the run now and all clear, going straight in."

Scoofer waited. And as he looked around for his own division planes, he found that one by one they had slid back into position. He counted them again and again, and finally realized that all his men had come safely through.

The earphones crackled. "There's another hit, Captain, and another one. Two hits, and yours!"

Scoofer opened his mike. "Are they coming out?" he asked, anxious, hoping, impatient, for all the Moppers had dropped their torpedoes by now.

"Yes sir — they're all out!"

That was what he had been waiting for. Over the ether Scoofer sang out, "Chow time!" and the Moppers joined up and headed for Henderson Field. It was 11:45 a.m.

There, at Henderson Field, were the 6 Wildcats. Under the command of Lt. John Sutherland, they had sought to provide cover for the TBF's, but when the torpedo bombers took cover behind clouds on their approach, the F4F's lost contact with them, and flew on to Henderson Field, arriving there about 20

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minutes before Coffin's group.

Col. Al Cooley, of the Guadalcanal-based Marines, was there to greet them too, and a genuine smile lit his face. "I don't know where the hell you boys came from," he said, "but you look like angels from heaven to me!"

The Moppers wolfed down their chow while Marine mechanics loaded up the Avengers. Two planes had been too badly hit to fly again that day. When the squadron was loaded, Scoofer and his boys took off again with a Marine fighter escort. Coffin's parting remark to Gen. Louis Woods was: "We've got to sink the damn thing, or the admirals will stop building carriers and start on battleships again!"

They found the enemy badly hurt. A great fish in the stern had slowed the battleship and rendered her rudder useless. In addition, she bore two gaping holes forward. So they hit her again with three out of six drops, making a total of six out of 14. Then four TBF's led by Marine Capt. George E. Dooley of VMSB-131 put a torpedo into the mortally wounded monster.

Bullet holes sprouted in ever-increasing numbers in fuselages and wings as the day wore on and the same planes returned again and again for the attack. In all, five attacks were mounted in company with Marine MAG-14's dive bombing SBD's, and finally the weary pilots had to quit. The Jap battleship was lying dead in the water, victim of unrelenting torpedoes and 1,000 pound bombs. That night the Japanese gave up and scuttled her. Eight Zero fighter planes sent down from Buin to protect *Hiei* were shot down by Marine F4F's.

Next day, the morning search, flying up toward mountainous Bougainville, found the enemy troop convoy of the Imperial 28th Division coming down The Slot to recapture the island. There were 10,000 fanatical soldiers aboard 11 transports, escorted by 12 destroyers, and they had to be stopped.

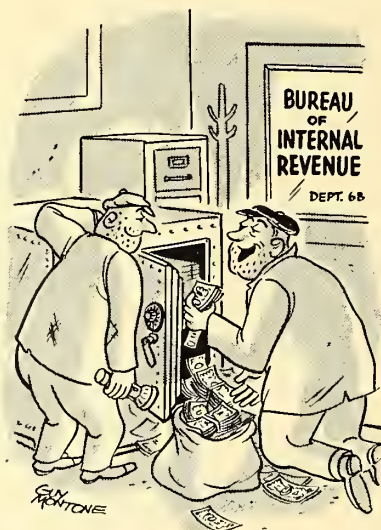
The Buzzard Brigade and every plane at Henderson Field that was operational took to the air and climbed to attack positions.

Planes from Guadalcanal were reinforced from the *Enterprise* with strikes by SBD dive bombers of VB-10 and VS-10, plus a dozen F4F's under "Reaper Leader" Cdr. James Flatley; these planes refueled and rearmed at Henderson Field, flying dozens of missions against the transports and escorting destroyers on Nov. 14-15.

Scattered clouds from 1200 to 2000 feet provided partial cover. The marine planes of VMSB-142 under Maj. Robert Richard, and the SBD's of VMSB-132 under Maj. Joe Sailer let go with their bombs, taking three of the huge passenger liners for targets and ignoring the destroyer screen and cruiser escort.

Bombs that had proven useless against heavy armor plating were effective now. Hits were scored on a transport with two 1,000 pound bombs, and four hits were made on another; a third transport was hit six times and its escort cruiser received two bombs.

Scoofer watched impatiently while the Marine dive bombers swept down and zoomed again. He saw one of the transports break in the middle, the two ends folding up, with the sea suddenly full of little bobbing heads. And he watched while the Marines continued to bomb the spot where the transport



"I told you I'd get a refund!"

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

had gone down. Concussion took care of the swimmers.

It was time to go again.

"Pick your targets, Moppers!" Scoofer sang into his microphone and pushed forward on the stick.

They swung low over the surface and headed for two transports. Out of seven fish dropped they scored three hits, stopping both ships dead in the water, all the while strafing the area with machineguns and fighting off a horde of land-based Zeros from Bougainville.

Coffin called his boys to reform and head for Guadalcanal. The Buzzard Brigade and the Marine fliers returned to Henderson Field, home of the Cactus Air Force. Coffin was inspecting his plane when an old friend came by.

"Hey Scoofer!" Lt. Col. Hal Bauer, Marine fighter commander, called, "your old friends are back on the job — dive bombers from *Enterprise* are already at work on the remaining transports."

"Oh, we took care of them," the Navy pilot said airily. Then he stopped short and said, "Remaining transports? Where?"

Bauer motioned up north. "Out there. And don't think there aren't plenty of them. How about going up with me?"

"Let's go, Moppers," Scoofer called to his pilots. "Those Marines and our dive bombers can't take all the glory today!"

Again the planes were loaded. Time to shoot the works, and never had the harassed mechanics of Cactus Air Force worked more willingly. Up with the Marine heterogeneous squadrons, reinforced by 16 pilots from the Navy's VB-10 and VS-10 outfits, Coffin's VT-10 again was sailing into combat to repel invasion. Although the transports, shorn of their protective warships, had turned to flee, they were doomed. Their battleship had failed to knock out Henderson Field.

Up now to 12,000 feet. There they were, off to port! Three Grumman Avengers, with Coffin, Tiger and Rappo at the controls dove into position for their final glide-bombing pushover. Tiger with four bombs took one setup and the Mopper leader with Rappo selected another.

Down—down—down. The Zeros on their tails were being picked off by defending Marine F4F-4 Wildcats. Rappo's gunner nailed one with his turret guns. Down! Down! Down! Frantic ack-ack met them, but by this time the Moppers were used to it.

Scoofer automatically lined one of the transports in his sights. Then suddenly his eyes widened as a flaming Zero shot past his wing, downed by a pursuing Wildcat. As he looked, the Jap pilot struggled free of his fiery cockpit and jumped. He turned over and over, then his parachute opened. The Zero, a mass of flames, hit the sea and exploded. Slowly, the Jap dropped lower and lower toward the inferno below, until at last he fell, in spite of struggles with the risers, into the middle of the flaming gasoline.

Coffin's altimeter spun dizzily backward. Three thousand, 2,000, 1,700 — and three thumbs pressed release buttons. Three pilots started their slow recovery.

They were accurate. Coffin and Tiger joined up and headed for home. Behind them flames and smoke towered high in the air from the transport vitals. Tiger looked over at Scoofer with a wide smile. Scoofer glanced over his shoulder. Where was Rappo? He grabbed the mike. "Pilot to gunner — did you see our third plane?"

"Negative, Captain," came the hollow reply.

But suddenly a familiar voice broke into Scoofer's earphones. "Hey, Skipper

— wait for me!” It was Rappo. His gunner had picked off one Zero and they had bluffed their way past another. Now home seemed a pretty good place to be. The three TBF’s circled and landed at Henderson Field ahead of the Marines.

It was quiet back there that night. Lt. Col. Hal Bauer, commanding officer of VMF-212, had not returned from his last sortie. He was never found.

Dawn of the 15th revealed four Jap cargo ships, rammed on the beach up the coast, being unloaded. Condition Red was established on the field as Jap bombers drew near. Only one Avenger was armed with bombs. Coffin, refusing to leave that plane on the field as a sitting duck, asked a couple of crewmen if they wanted a ride. No one hesitated, and the single plane took off.

At 3,500 feet the Mopper leader spotted some float-type Zeros covering the Jap unloading operation. There was enough altitude for an approach. He went in for an attack and when he looked back at the enemy, smoke and flame were bursting from the transport’s after hold. Those float-type Zeros could not catch him.

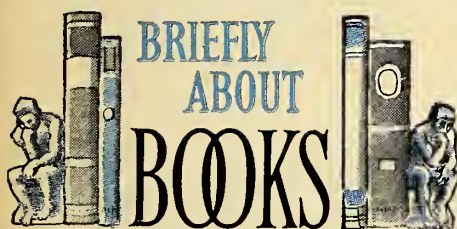
Coffin headed for home with empty bomb-racks, tired and worn. But as he totted up the score for the last 48 hours, he felt a solid gratification. VT-10 had

done more than its part of a historic job.

When the entire three day action, known as the Naval Battle of Guadalcanal, had ended, total damage inflicted on the enemy navy by *all* our forces, in response to his bid to blast Henderson Field off the map with battleships and land 10,000 troops in Guadalcanal, was two battleships, one cruiser, three destroyers, one submarine and *all eleven transports*. A second fleet surface action on the night of Nov. 14, had sealed the doom of the other battleship (*Kirishima*), in a seven minute slugging match with *USS Washington*. Of the 10,000 troops on the transports, 8,000 never got ashore. Jap destroyers took many of them aboard. Minus most of their equipment, 2,000 were put on the beach in sorry condition. And though we didn’t know it at the time, the Japanese high command gave up the idea of retaking Guadalcanal after this defeat. For the rest of the war, Japan was on the defensive.

THE END

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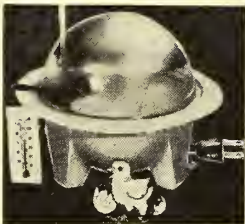
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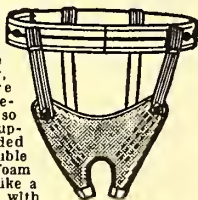
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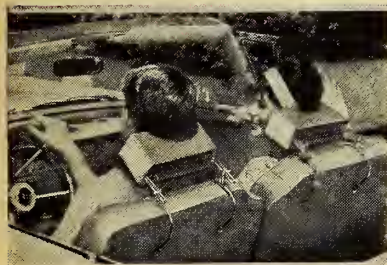
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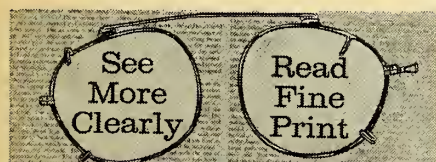
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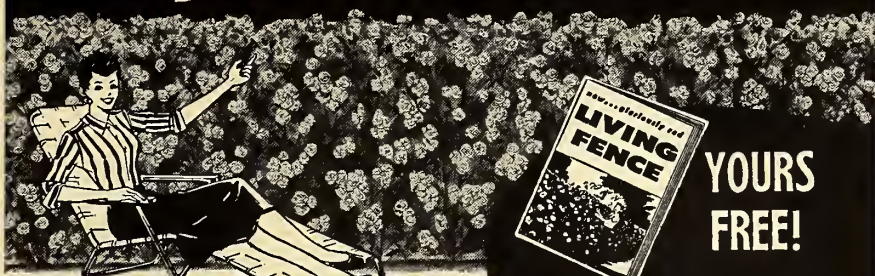
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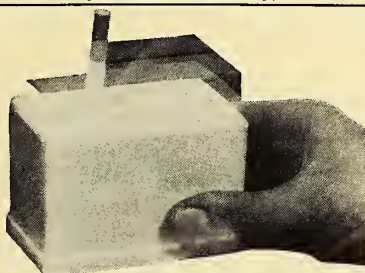
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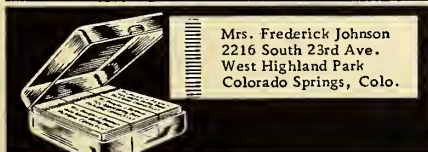
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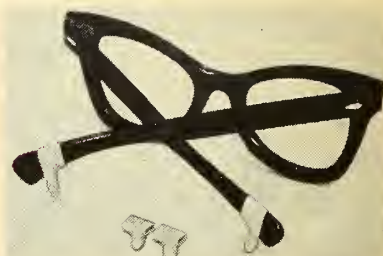
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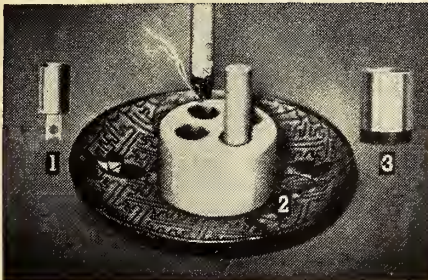
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HERM ALBRIGHT

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

"That's good," she chortled. "I'm sick and tired of climbing up and down that danged drainpipe."

A. T. QUIGG

HOW-COMENTARIES

Leaf Her Be

How-come a lady will scatter sections
Of Sunday papers in all directions?
Well there's no use to be sour and bitter,
She won't learn better — so let her litter.

Don't Look Now, But —

How-come a lady will don a dress
That doesn't leave much for the men to
guess,
Then get insulted when what is bared at
A dinner-party is boldly stared at.

Twist of the Wrist

**How-come a lady who's small and slight
Can screw on the top of a jar so tight
That a man must go to the tool-room bench
And open the cap with a Stillson wrench?**

JIM DAVIS

TRICKY SITUATION

A practical joker is one who restrains his impulse to play one on his boss.

S. S. BIDDLE

CREATIVE EFFORT

We are creating debt for our children to
pay,
And economists groan as they say it;
But we also appear to be finding a way
To create enough children to pay it.

HERBERT WARFEL

SINGULARLY VERSATILE

Bachelor: A man who can put his socks on from either end.

F. G. KERNAN

HOW TO BUILD A BETTER MOUSETRAP

Seek the advice
Of lady mice.

HAROLD COFFIN

WITHHOLDING STATEMENT

It's time again to fill out those income-tax blankety-blanks.

JACK HERBERT



"Oh . . . It's only you . . .!"



The Pause That Refreshes...The spirited taste of Coke that's always just right, never too sweet...only Coca-Cola adds that special glow to your hours of fun and fancy.





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a
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means
a lot...

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